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Middlebury Grad produces for *St. Elsewhere*
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The Middlebury Campus

Established 1905 | Middlebury, VT | November 20, 1987 | FREE

photo by Sharon Harper

Katie Longstreth and Susan Conley on the porch of their apartment on South Main Street.

LIVING OFF-CAMPUS:

Freedom, home cooking, quiet — at a price

By Dwight Garner

Katie Longstreth and Susan Conley live off-campus in a small, two-bedroom apartment on South Main Street. Their years of dormitory living here, they say, were more than enough for them.

"Last year I lived in Milliken," says Katie, "and it just didn't work out that well from me. There were football players living next door, and our lifestyles were too different. I realized that I wanted something quieter, and I wanted to be more independent." She decided, along with Conley, to look for off-campus housing.

The pair began their search early.

"We began going to real estate offices last fall," Katie says, "and the first places we saw were far out of our price range. The place we finally found is perfect — its quiet, and we get more work done."

For various reasons, between 50 and 60 students seek off-campus housing each year. Some are looking for a modicum of peace and quiet. Others want to put distance between themselves and Proctor food. Many are just tired of dormitory life in general.

The official word on living off-campus at Middlebury is not much word at all.

"We don't do much to encourage it," says Dean of Students Erica Wonnacott. "We're a residential college and it's important that students live in and participate in the community here."

According to Heather

(continued on page 2)

Field of applicants for Director of Public Safety narrowed to 4 people

By Jennifer Mears

An "astounding" 114 applications have been received for the newly designated position of Director of Public Safety, according to Karl Lindholm, Associate Dean of the College. The new position will be filled as quickly as possible, Lindholm said, although a date has not been set for a final decision. The field has currently been narrowed down to four candidates.

A committee including Chief of Security Fred Spencer, Director of Residential Life Frank Kelley, Jackie Flickinger (Director of Student Activities), Dean Erica Wonnacott, Dean Martha Mathis, Dean Arlinda Ardister, Dean John Emerson and Dean Lindholm met Tuesday night to review the 114 applications and to decide upon which applicants would be considered.

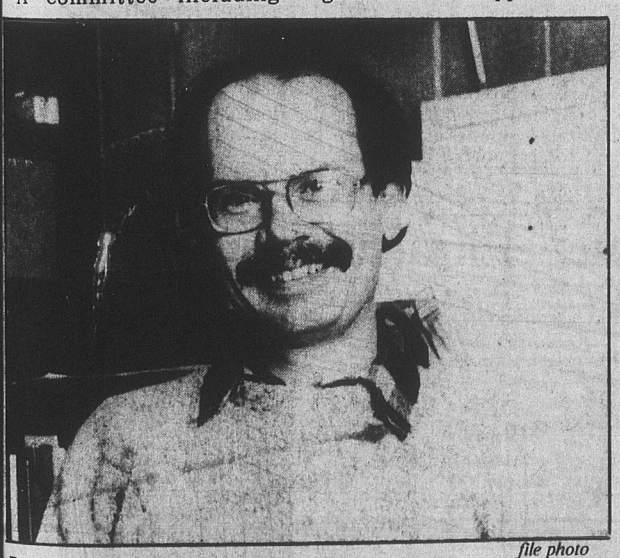
Lindholm attributed the great number of applicants to the increasing concern with maintaining a strong security system.

"Security is becoming much more specialized and professional," Lindholm said. "People are into protecting property." Lindholm explained that the new Director of Public Safety will serve to upgrade the performance and enhance the function of security at Middlebury. He added that it will allow for specialization in the system. "Middlebury's attitude toward security is a little modest. We were a little late to recognize the need [for specialization]." The Director of Public Safety position is Middlebury's recognition of this need, he said.

The committee's decisions in narrowing down the applicants were based on a few basic guidelines, one of which was having some familiarity with college campus security.

"A lot of applicants had no experience in college security, Lindholm said. "Three of the four we have chosen have had experience working on other college campuses and the other is from the local area and is familiar with the Middlebury campus itself." Lindholm stressed the need to be able to work with and understand a college community such as Middlebury's.

Lindholm also stressed the need for specific training not only in law enforcement, but also in supervision and management. "We are looking for someone who will relate well with people; someone who will provide leadership in the area of public safety." Lindholm added that as a result of the open-endedness and flexibility of the position, a good deal of initiative and creativity was also desired. Lindholm explained that the committee was looking for someone to come in, "check the lay of the land" and understand what needs to be done.



file photo

Dale Cockrell, in a photo taken in 1985.

Cockrell loses lengthy tenure suit, will not gain access to College files

By David Muhlbaum

The drawn-out lawsuit of former Middlebury Music Professor Dale Cockrell came to an end last Friday, when the Vermont Supreme Court ruled that Cockrell did not have the right to examine the college's files pertaining to his rejection for tenure.

Cockrell's suit, which named both the College and Music Professor Emory Fanning as defendants, claimed that the College violated his contractual rights by failing to adhere to the tenure regulations stated in the College Handbook. Cockrell also claimed that Fanning "intentionally and improperly discounted and criticized his field of study, scholarship, and academic offerings without basis."

The lawsuit gained national attention by bringing into question the concept of "academic privilege:" the idea that a college may maintain the confidentiality of written evaluations of professors who are being reviewed for tenure.

The basis of Cockrell's suit was that in order to prove defamation on Fanning's part, Cockrell needed to examine the College's files on his tenure review.

The Addison Superior Court ruled in Cockrell's favor last year, but lawyers for Middlebury and Fanning appealed the case to the Vermont Supreme Court.

Last Friday, that court overturned the earlier decision, ruling that the burden of pro-

(continued on page 3)

At Delta Upsilon, allegations of violence and harrassment

By Barb Matusik

At Delta Upsilon on Saturday night, sophomore Lory Myerson claims to have been physically and verbally harassed, and is now in the process of filing charges against the individuals involved.

According to Director of Residential Life Frank Kelley, the incident could have serious ramifications for DU. No other charges have been filed against the fraternity, but other incidents of harassment have been attributed recently to them, and, Kelley said: "If other individuals do come forward, we're talking about the indictment of a fraternity, are we not?"

According to Myerson, she went to the door of the fraternity during a party Saturday night, explained that she didn't have any money, but was not going to drink.

The brother at the door agreed to let her in, but with the the threat: "If I see you with a beer in your hand — I'll drag you out by your hair."

As Myerson passed to walk in, the brother allegedly tried to mark her face with a permanent marker. To this, Myerson responded: "You suck!"

At this point, the DU member turned to a nearby fraternity brother and shouted "Grab her.!" Myerson said that the second member proceeded to pick her up and throw her off the porch with the comment: "You've got an attitude problem."

On Tuesday, Myerson met with Kelley and Dean of Students Erica Wonnacott to explain the incident. Wonnacott has since sent for the two men involved and charges are pending.

DU Officer Ned Parsons was reluctant to comment on the situation before formal charges had been made. He did say, "We are still trying to assess the situation and figure out how to respond to it. We're reserving judgement until we have all the facts."

Dean Wonnacott stated that until now "there have been rumors only; never has anyone come forward. . . .I give Lory a lot of credit. It's tough to stand up and say 'I'm willing to testify.'"

"I am afraid," said Myerson, who felt that she would probably feel the consequences of her actions. But, she added, "I think that fear and running away are more serious consequences."

While no one else has for-

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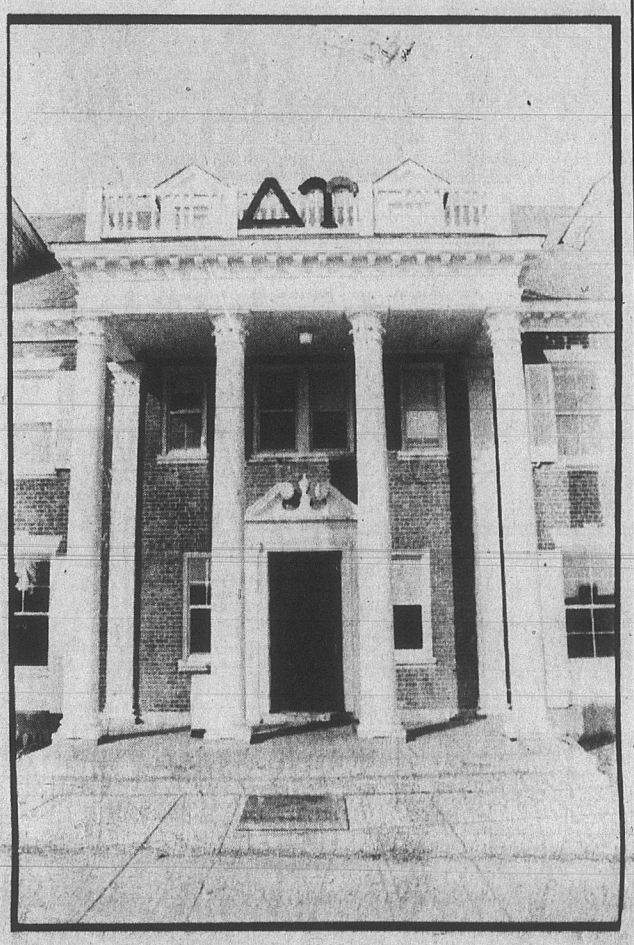

The Delta Upsilon house on South Main street.

Final Central America Symposium focuses on prospects for lasting peace

By Barb Matusik

With the Arias peace plan under negotiation in Washington, Middlebury students entered Mead Chapel in droves last Friday night to find out about the fate of Central America for themselves. The college community filled Mead Chapel for the panel discussion entitled "Central America: Differing Viewpoints."

President Olin Robison moderated the panel discussion which began with opening remarks by each of the panelists, and continued with the panelists directing questions at one another and then fielding them from the audience.

Executive Assistant to the President Beth Karnes, one of the major planners and organizers of the discussion dubbed the event absolutely successful, particularly regarding the turnout. Said Karnes, "An enormous amount of publicity went into the planning of this and it really paid off; plus the subject was particularly timely."

The panelists included Costa Rican Ambassador Guido Fernandez, Dr. Susan Purcell of the U.S. Council on Foreign Relations, Ludlow Flower of the National Security Council, Middlebury Economics Professor John Weeks, and Swarthmore Political Science Professor Ken Sharp.

Several panelists stressed the need for democratic governments in Latin America. Purcell said, "Without democratization in Central America you will not have peace."

The ambassador supported this statement in his concluding remarks with the assertion: "Democratization is essential. Without democratization we can't have a durable peace — what we have is a truce."

However, U.S. policies regarding democratization were criticized by the two professors on the panel. Sharp noted, "There is a difference between imposing and encouraging democracy."

While Weeks commented during his conclusion, "My heart goes out to the government officials who have to defend the Reagan adminstration policy."

After the panelists had stated their positions and questioned each other, they fielded questions from the audience. A long line of student questioners kept the officials busy for the remainder of the symposium. Although, at one point the president did note the absence of women in the line and encouraged questions from the female portion of the audience.

Karnes commented, "I thought the questions were excellent."

Many questions were

(continued on page 20)

President Robison on Central America see page 5

Valley Voice, under new owners, to resume publishing next week

By Dwight Garner

The weekly Valley Voice, which folded two weeks ago in the face of mounting financial difficulties, will resume publication under the management of Denton Publishing of Elizabethtown, N.Y. The first issue of the resuscitated Voice will appear Thanksgiving week.

"The area deserves two newspapers, and I think there's room here for what we want to do," said William Denton, who purchased the paper along with his wife Anne Marie Denton. Mrs. Denton will be the publisher of the paper, and a previous staff writer, Gail Ryan, will serve as editor.

Denton Publishing purchased the 13-year-old tabloid from John Michael White, who founded the paper in 1974. Denton Publishing, which owns seven small newspapers in New York State, had served as the Voice's printer.

Denton prints The Middlebury Campus, as well as several other small shopping guides and college newspapers.

According to Tim Peek, editor of the area's larger weekly, The Addison County Independent, the announcement did not come as a complete surprise.

"We knew people were looking at the Voice," he said.

The Valley Voice suspended publication largely due to increased competition from the Independent. For several months the Voice had seen declining circulation and advertising figures.

In an interview Wednesday, William Denton said that "the Valley Voice will remain essentially the Valley Voice." He did say, however, that

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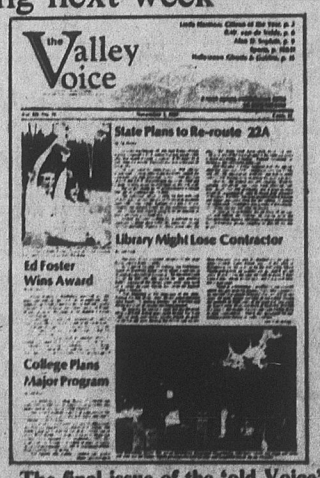
the Valley Voice
State Plans to Re-route 22A
Library Might Lose Contractor
Ed Foster Wins Award
College Plans Major Program

The final issue of the 'old Voice'

NEWS

College Shorts

Colby Echo
SAME TIME, SAME PLACE, NO TENT
Cashing in at Colby
Cable to be connected?

By Suzanne Osmun

Faculty morale rises nationally

Numerous surveys which have been conducted in the past concerning professors from colleges and universities across the country have all concluded that professors are disillusioned and dissatisfied with their profession.

The Council of Independent Colleges recently sponsored a study of 4,271 faculty members at 142 small liberal arts colleges and have resolved that more than eighty percent of the professors at these colleges exhibit high morale and enthusiasm towards their jobs.

Allen P. Splete, the council's president, was surprised by the outcome of the study: "We didn't think it would be nearly as positive as it was. Previous studies had led us to believe it might be a darker, gloomier picture."

The council officials hope this report will evoke some thought from colleges nationwide because they believe that the heightening of morale in professors will ultimately improve the quality of education. Said Splete: "If the key factors in this study can be used to create a more favorable climate for morale, the results will be useful for all of higher education."

Colby students against CIA ban

At Middlebury, the student government voted last spring to ban the C.I.A. from recruiting on campus. At Colby, the students were against banning the agency, however; the faculty voted that the C.I.A should be kept off campus.

At a meeting last Wednesday, the faculty of Colby made its decision, professing "that the C.I.A., as a result of its illegal incursions into Nicaragua, its role in illegal arms sales, its illegal investigations into the lives of private citizens should be banned from recruiting on the Colby campus until it obeys the U.S. Constitution."

The student government at Colby opposes this ban and circulated a letter two weeks before the faculty meeting to persuade the faculty to allow recruitment. The letter stated: "A ban on the C.I.A. coming to Colby would prevent students from gathering information from these people. This motion contradicts Colby's liberal arts beliefs."

Lee Feigon, professor of Chinese history at the college, voted strongly for the ban and stated: "The faculty felt it was necessary to take a moral stand on the issue."

This ban still needs the approval of Colby's president and the board of trustees in order to take effect and will not be considered until they meet in January.

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Vermont News

By Sara Higgins

Head of VT liquor control retires

Jean Hickey, head of Vermont Liquor Control Department, will retire at the end of this year after a long history of service. Said the 59 year-old Hickey, "I was here 40 years last month."

Hickey has played an important role in the state-run liquor business since 1947. In her last eight years as commissioner, she has overseen the state's 66 retail stores, and administered to the 110 employees.

The business brings in $39 million dollars in gross sales per year, and operates on a $5 million dollar yearly budget.

Daniel O'Brien, chairman of the Vermont Liquor Control Board, said of the retiring department head, "She is an excellent and most capable administrator. There just isn't enough good you can say about Jean Hickey."

Ben & Jerry listed in Esquire

Ben Cohen and Jerry Greenfield, Vermont's ice cream kings, are among some pretty famous names on Esquire Magazine's 1987 register of outstanding people. The list of 52 includes big names like basketball star "Magic Johnson," and Charles Henry, head of Amnesty International.

The list pays tribute to post-World War II achievers in six categories: arts and letters, business and industry, education and social service, entertainment, sports and style, and science and technology.

The magazine called the two Vermont heroes "entrepreneurial legends who started making ice cream in a renovated Burlington gas station in 1987." Esquire further commented that "today, 40 Ben & Jerry's flavors . . . rack up $28 million in annual sales."

Mayor Sanders and vocalists jam

Burlington Mayor Bernard nders, a backup band, and 20 Vermont vocalists teamed up this week at the White Crow Audio studios to do some recording.

Studio owner Todd Lockwood says the songs will be released on tape sometime in mid-December. The cassette is being recorded on Lockwood's Burlington label.

Lockwood approached the mayor this summer with the suggestion. "I didn't have the faintest idea whether he had a musical bone in his body," he joked, "and I'm still not sure." Lockwood further commented that "It really is intended to be a very serious statement . . . . it will give the public an opportunity to get to know him on a different level."

Mayor Sanders says, "I'm enthusiastic about the project. Music, especially folk music and gospel music, has always been important to me."

For his song selections he has chosen, "This Land Is Your Land," "Oh Freedom," "Where Have All The Flowers Gone?" "The Banks Are Made of Marble," and "We Shall Overcome."

The flip side of the cassette will be a 20 minute non-partisan speech, given by the mayor, touching on such topics as justice, peace, and equality.

The cassettes will sell for $10, enough hopefully to cover recording costs. Sanders will receive no money for the venture.

Ex-Campus editor speaks on Mothers of Plazo de Mayo

By Keith Fagan

The success of the Mothers of Plazo de Mayo, the mothers of Argentines disappeared, is due to the exalted position of the mother as Matriarch in Spanish society. The Military governments' strategy of ignoring the Mothers as a serious protest group and waging a disinformation campaign which branded then as Loco, enabled the movement of the Mothers to gain international recognition, financing, and gave them a measure of protection against 'disappearance.' By the time the Military government became aware of the magnitude of the protest it was too late to take decisive action against the Mothers.

Armstrong attacked past government's suspicion of civil rights

Bruce Armstrong, a graduate of Middlebury College in 1986 and one-time editor of the Campus, spent six months with the Mothers of Plazo de Mayo and returned to share his insights and experiences on the people of this fledgling democracy. The Amnesty International sponsored lecture was late in beginning; Armstrong claimed a "computer foul-up" for his delayed appearance, and proceeded to deliver a hour and a half lecture/slide presentation which was hampered with technical difficulties. "Machines don't like me," quipped Armstrong.

Armstrong first became interested in the Mothers' cause and attended their weekly protest meetings because it "offered possibilities as a news article." Little did he know he was to witness the moral upheaval of Argentine society. Armstrong resisted active involvement with the Mothers fearing a loss of objectivity; but was drawn into the cause when he was pulled over at a police roadblock.

He was loaded into a paddy wagon with a friend and six guards when it was discovered that the engine serial number on his registration did not match the serial number on the engine. Several hours later they were released from the police station when the typo was discovered. Armstrong's near disappearance gave him new insight. His mother marching on the Plazo de Mayo; marching to find out what had become of her son.

Armstrong provided a detailed chronology of the Argintinian state which highlighted 48 years of coup d'etat, a third of the population undernourished, and over 25,000 persons missing and unaccounted for. Armstrong vehemently attacked the past Military government's "dirty war against suspected subversives," its arbitrary suspension of civil rights, and its "plundering of the Argentine economy as if it were a private fiefdom."

Armstrong had harsh words for the Alfonsin government's policy of amnesty and reconciliation toward the Military. Armstrong called on the Alfonsin government to adopt the Mothers' list of demands: for truthful information on the fate of all missing persons, a release of all unlawfully held prisoners, punishment for those responsible for the injustices, and economic reimbursement for those who suffered injustices under the Military juntas' rule.

Armstrong's sense of moral outrage was gradually aroused by the Mother's cause; he joined The Front for Human Rights, a youth organization which complements the Mothers and shares their goals. Armstrong became a 'regular' in the Mothers' weekly protest marches and endeared himself to the Mothers he was spiritually adopted by one protesting mother who lost her son. Armstrong played an important role in organizing the December March of Resistance which took place the day before he was to leave for the U.S.

Armstrong described the Mothers as "dangerous because they speak out in favor of freedom and justice for all causes, not only their own." Indeed the white scarf of the Mothers has become a symbol of one of South America's most powerful vocal opposition with member groups in most South American states.

Freshman mistakenly enters Perry residence instead of KDR

By Jacob Brown

An allegedly intoxicated male freshman broke into a local residence Saturday night, apparently thinking that the house was a fraternity. Once inside the home, which belonged to Theater Professor Ted Perry, he passed out.

Myriam Perry, Perry's wife, discovered the man, and asked a neighbor for help. The student was awakened and taken out of the home by local police.

"He apologized to everyone" an administration source said. According to the source, the student doesn't remember the incident.

Neither Perry nor members of the administration would comment on the case, and it is not known whether or not charges will be filed against the student with the police.

A judicial council hearing on the case was to be held Thursday.

Valley Voice purchased by Denton Publishing

(continued from page 1)

there will be several changes.

For one, the paper will appear now on Thursday or Friday, instead of earlier in the week. The paper will also use white "quality" paper for its cover, giving it a more magazine-like format.

"We will retain our columnists," Denton said, "and we will also remain interested in longer pieces and profiles. The Independent is the paper of record here. We want to provide readers with something different."

According to Denton, the new Voice will also have more of a committment to the arts than did the previous version of the paper.

"We hope they turn into a competitor," Peek said. "It will take a while, I think, before they'll be completely on their feet. The results should be interesting."

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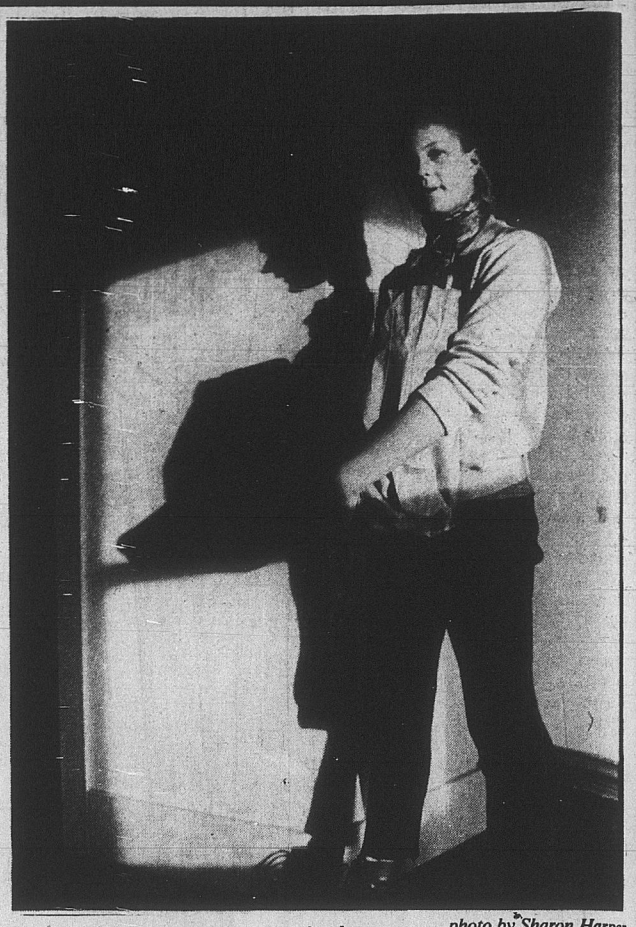

Katie Longstreth carries groceries home photo by Sharon Harper

Living off-campus, with costly strings attached

(continued from page 1)

Godreau, administrative assistant to the dean of students, only 60 students are given permission to live off-campus each year. And while all of the students interviewed for this article said that they were happier living off-campus, most also said that they resented the college's policy on returning room and board fees.

Unlike most other similar liberal arts colleges, Middlebury doesn't break down its comprehensive fee into separate figures for tuition, room, and board. But students claim that the $980 ($460 room, $520 board) they receive per semester is far too low.

"The figures are pretty ridiculous," says senior Jason Rosenbaum, who lives in a small 2-bedroom apartment over Store Two. "I pay about $900 in just rent a semester, and the apartment I share isn't overly expensive."

According to Rosenbaum, the College's policy doesn't compare well with the policies of similar colleges, and several quick telephone calls bore his statement out.

At Williams College, for example, about 115 of the school's approximately 2,000 students live off-campus. Those students receive a full refund of their room and board fees — a total of $1,915 per semester. At Amherst, where approxiamtely 50 of 1,600 students live off-campus, students also receive full room and board refunds — approximately $1,800 per semester.

"Our policy is a little bit unfair," Wonnacott said Wednesday. She also said that she recently assisted Dean of the College John Emerson in drafting a recommendation to increase the refunds that students receive. Although details of the recommendation were not available Wednesday, Wonnacott said that she hopes that the new policy will be in effect next year.

"What the current policy has done," Rosenbaum said, "is make off-campus living available only to affluent students, which doesn't seem fair."

Other students admitted to being forced to sneak around the policy by eating in the dining halls even after receiving their refunds.

Seniors Steve Baker, Rob Ward and Peter Ahl, who share an apartment on Washington Street, said that the low food refund has forced them to remain on the meal plan.

"It takes an effort to make all the meals," Bates said, "but you really can't afford to do otherwise."

Others said, however, that they've had enough of the dining halls forever.

"It's a luxury, but shopping and cooking are probably the two best things about living off-campus," Longstreth says. "I couldn't imagine any other way of living here now."

Declassified Data: Elizabeth Karnes

Some insights into Elizabeth Karnes, as provided by herself.

Name: Elizabeth Karnes
Position: Executive Assistant to the President
Height: 5'4"
Shoe Size: Men's 8 1/2
Allergies: Edwin Meese, typos, designer food (i.e. "radicchio, endive, roquette, purslane, sorrel, peppergrass," etc.). Books with titles like: *Men: An Owner's Manual*
Favorite Food: Fresh warm Rye Bread
First Choice Dinner: Chinese in New York City. 2nd Choice: Take out Chinese in New York City
Nighttime Snacks: Buttered Spoon Size Shredded Wheat
Sweet Tooth: Only one?
Favorite Drink: The Bellini. (Shaken , not stirred)
Current Reading: *Central America: Opposing Viewpoints* (the book), Dean Emerson's memoranda
Favorite magazine: The ones I steal from Dean of Students Office
Favorite books: Rebecca West: *A Celebration; H.G. Wells In Love* (autobiographical)
Favorite TV Show: "Pee Wee Herman's Playhouse"
Favorite Movie: *The Story of Adele H*
Favorite Actor/Actress: Ian McKellan/Penelope Meyers
Favorite games: finding a parking space
Favorite Song: "California Girls" by the Beach Boys
Favorite Musical Instrument: Bruce Springsteen
Favorite Performer: The Vienna Philharmonic at Carnegie Hall
Favorite Time of Day: When the New York Times is delivered
Favorite vacation spot: home
Favorite city: New York
Pet Peeves: Articles blaming Yuppies for EVERYTHING ("Reflections on the Higher Shopping"); junk PhoneMail; Merrill, Lynch portfolio managers; cutesy-poo features on the Evening News; Madison Avenue ("coffee beans certified to have ripened in the very first shaft of morning light at the tippy-top of a sacred mountain in Kenya"); diet-of-the-month books.
Hobby: trying to get the IBM system 38 to be friendly to *me.*
Kind of Car Driven: Aston Martin
Favorite sport: trying to make it to the top of the Poma Lift. Lessons welcome.
Pajamas: silk
Favorite color: pink

Personal heroes: Dad, Bill Moyers, Lily Langtry
Favorite president: Robison
Religion: Jewish, except when John Walsh is preaching
Why you do what you do: Because I get paid to do it.
Greatest problem currently facing Middlebury College: winter
Favorite Course taught: "Politics and the Network News"
Best part of academic life: The President's office
Most frustrating part of academic life: The President's office
Best memories: 1. The 1957 Ice Capades, 2. Winning an Emmy
Most difficult part of academic life: 4th grade.

Fraternity incident

(continued from page 1

mally complained, instances of violence are not, according to many, rare at the fraternity.

Sophomore John Rice recounted: "On Halloween night, a couple of friends and I were standing on the porch of DU, just talking for a while. We didn't have any money to get in so we were going to leave. I was talking to my friend and someone from DU asked if I was going to pay. I said no and turned back to my friend and then the DU guy punched me in the side of my head. I staggered backwards and then he hit me again in the cheek. I was really shocked that someone had hit me; by the time I turned around, I just saw the brother scurry back into DU.

I told some of my friends in the frat about being hit and they seemed really surprised that it'd happened."

Adlai Hardin related another incident which occurred last February at DU: "I went to the door and asked the DU brother at the door 'How much?' He answered 'three dollars.' I didn't say anything; I reached for my wallet. The brother threw his beer in my face, picked me up and threw me off the porch and then he threw the friend I was with off the porch." Hardin stressed that the incident was unprovoked. "I did not say a word."

One student, who asked not to be identified, reported that he was also thrown out of DU last year: "I was hassled getting in, and then after I'd been inside for a while, I was forcibly escorted to the door and pushed out with the comment: 'We don't want your kind in here.'"

'my sense is that it's a few individuals acting irresponsibily'

Many of the people interviewed stressed that they did not hold the whole fraternity responsible for the incidents of harassment. Wonnacott said, "My sense is that it's a few individuals acting irresponsibily. I know that there are some very nice, good people in DU."

However, Rice was slightly more skeptical, "I think that a lot of them, under certain circumstances, with a certain amount of drunkenness, would take part in some form of harassment."

Frank Kelley commented, "I can't say for certain, but I hope that it's a minority — a small group of individuals acting irresponsibly."

He also expressed his disappointment over the incident: "I thought they were improving; after talking to Lory I was dismayed by my naivete."

"Not every member should be branded by this," he added, "but in a way, that's the price you pay for joining a fraternity."

No concrete solutions to the problem of harassment are apparent, although both Kelley and Wonnacott suggested the fraternities follow and enforce some sort of code of ethics.

Wonnacott commented on DU's reaction to Myerson's complaints: "I think they have a lot of respect for Lory. I think some are even glad that this incident was brought into the open."

Cockrell denied access to College files in tenure case

(continued from page 1)

of rests with the plaintiff seeking to prove wrongdoing, although he noted that the concept of "academic privilege" could not always stand, especially if circumstances indicated racial or religious grounds for dismissal.

In response to the outcome, Vice-President and Provost Bruce Peterson said, "We're pleased that it came out the way it did." He added that "The principle is more important to us than the case. It's quite natural for an applicant for tenure to want to know all about his case, but we need to protect the confidentiality of the files so that people who write evaluations will feel free to express their honest opinion."

Fanning, in a prepared statement to the Campus, said "Dale Cockrell's bid for tenure at Middlebury College was turned down by the Committee on Reappointment, the Appeals Committee, and President Robison, all of whom reviewed his credentials and found them lacking. Dale seems to have had trouble accepting this, and looked for someone to blame; he blamed me. I was not chairman of the music department at the time and had little influence in the matter."

Cockrell claims that Fanning was unfair in reviewing him for tenure. Fanning counters, "He needed someone to blame."

Cockrell is now a professor of music at William and Mary College in Virginia. He declined to comment on the outcome on the grounds that he had not yet seen a copy of the decision.

Exchange program between Soviets and 18 American colleges to begin in fall '88

By Sonia Vanderaa

In a striking outgrowth of Gorbachev's *glastnost*, President Olin Robison announced in September that a consortium of 18 Northeastern colleges will participate in a program of undergraduate exchanges with Soviet universities. The program is planned to begin next year.

Moscow has long participated in academic exchanges, but never on the undergraduate level. Exposing 19-year-old Soviet s to American college life, without political supervision, was considered unthinkable. "We are on the brink of something that's terribly important" to Soviet relations, said President Robison.

Heading this effort to build a new Soviet-American student exchange program is Mr. Benson, one of the most respected diplomats in matters relating to educational and cultural developments in the Soviet Union. After recently retiring from the Foreign Service after 30 years of representing the United States in the Soviet Union and other Eastern European nations, Benson will be spending time here at Middlebury College as a visiting professor.

His work here will involve negotiating an agreement with Soviet officials and maintaining contact with Soviet educational institutions on behalf of the 18 American colleges that will constitute the new American Collegiate Consortium for East-West Cultural and Academic Exchange.

Last January Mr. Benson joined President Robison,

"We are on the brink of something that's terribly important" to Soviet relations. -Robison

David Fraser, president of Swarthmore College, and Alice Ilchman, president of Sarah Lawrence College in a meeting with Soviet officials in Moscow to determine whether there would be interest on the part of Soviet education officials in allowing Soviet undergraduates to attend selected liberal arts colleges in the United States.

"Given the tolerance, indeed encouragement, of fresh initiations in Moscow, we felt the time was right for us to make a specific proposal to the Soviets," President Robison remarked. "The initial reactions of American college presidents have been generous and the Soviet officials to whom we have spoken have been reassuring. . .We believe that this important exchange can be realized and will play a substantial role in benefitting relations between the U.S. and the Soviet Union."

Mr. Benson just returned from the Soviet Union where he engaged himself further in the negotiation of the agreement. The agreement now has only to be signed and was supposed to have been signed in October/November of this year. However, due to cetain undefined obstacles, signing has been delayed. The deadline has been reset for this Spring, as agreements have to be made at that time for prospective students.

The last Mr. Benson had heard, a group of Soviet students were scheduled to arrive in Montreal on December 7th, but were detained from doing so as all flights were booked by Soviet delegates. "When the elephants stampede, what is the rabbit to do?" commented Mr. Benson with a hearty laugh.

He stated that once Soviet students are on American campuses he would act "as a kind of circuit rider" to visit them and make sure that everything is satisfactory.

Mr. Benson suggested that motivation for the Soviet Union to start such a program now, in part, might be due to the fact that the Chinese started 5 years ago to send their undergraduates to the U.S. The Chinese now have approximately 20,000 students on American campuses. But at least as important to the Soviets' decision, he said, are changes in the Soviet political climate which suggest a greater readiness to create new links with the United States.

President Robison views this new open approach as "the single most important thing we can do with the Soviets. It is even more important than arms control, which will come anyway. It involves their children. It's the most daring expression of glastnost because it tests their self-confidence."

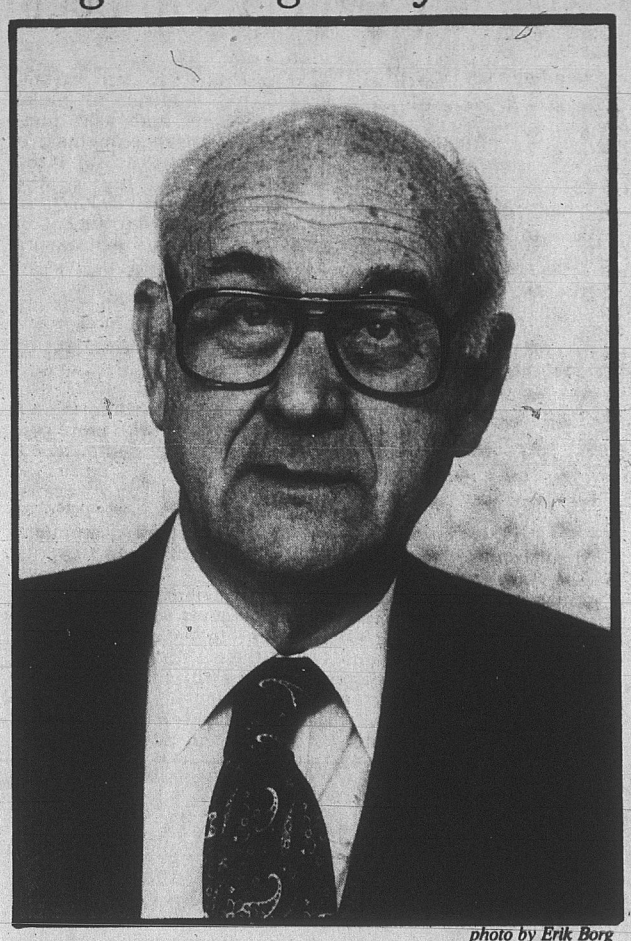

photo by Erik Borg

Director of American Collegiate Consortium for East-West Cultural and Academic Exchange, Raymond Benson

Paquin withdraws resignation as president of BSU but discusses dissatisfaction with her position

By Sara Higgins

When Black Student Union President Marie Paquin announced her resignation on November 5, she gave little explanation for her actions. She reversed her decision at a BSU meeting on November 12, electing to finish out her term as president. The meeting revolved largely around discussion of the reasons for Paquin's dissatisfaction with her post.

The meeting was opened by Vice-President Yolande Smallwood, who immediately rejected Paquin's resignation, saying: "I don't feel there was any reason for her to resign."

After some discussion, Paquin agreed to finish her last semester at Middlebury as president of the BSU.

Paquin attributed her frustrations to a lack of group unity, stating, "I feel that the executives have been assuming more responsibility than we should be."

She expressed distress over the fact that there is "no new blood" in the BSU this year, and called for the presence of those others than the upperclassmen in making policies such as the racial harassment policy, currently under discussion. She said, "I don't feel we're supporting each other; we're not united."

Paquin pointed out that last year the BSU's focus was to prove that the group was organized and should have a voice in the community. She stressed that this year, the BSU needs to determine a focus. Paquin stressed that "a loss of visibility would mean a loss of representation" in the Middlebury community.

Paquin will graduate this December, making it necessary for the BSU to grapple with issues concerning its future as a viable organization sooner rather than later.

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Looking toward class unity, Freshman Seminars to begin in fall '88

By Page Dickinson

The class of 1992 will face a revised core curriculum when they enter Middlebury as freshmen next fall. Beginning in September of 1988, freshmen will be required to enroll in a freshman seminar during their first semester, following a proposal voted on by the faculty last spring. This change, according to John McCardell, history professor and Dean of Academic Development and Planning, is "a risk worth taking for the benefit of the students."

Since last year, freshman seminars have been offered during winter term on an "entirely voluntary" basis, McCardell said. The revised curriculum requires a freshman seminar in addition to the presently required freshman writing course, in an attempt to "introduce students to materials treated in a different way . . . beyond the bounds of traditional disciplines" and to produce a better advising system.

The seminars will be interdisciplinary to an extent, allowing students to make connections and ask questions. "We want students in a history course to ask what the artists were doing at the time," McCardell said. Also, with a limited enrollment of 15, the seminars will ensure that each freshman has at least one small class with "frequent and close faculty contact," McCardell said.

The class will be taught by the students' faculty advisor. This, McCardell hopes, will create a "more uniform" advisory system, with more contact between students and advisors, and will "raise the level of intelligence among advisors;" advisors have to understand the requirements for the major in their departments.

The students under the new curriculum will not be required to declare a major until their third semester. By staying with the freshman advisors longer, students will receive better, more informed advice and have "more time to explore," McCardell said. This change is also for adminstrative convenience, because "so many sophomores change their majors."

The idea of freshman seminars was developed by a special faculty committee which evaluated the college curriculum in the summer of 1985. The result of the committee's meetings was a "blueprint" proposal for a new curriculum. Although the proposal was never voted on, "it was clear that the most attractive proposal was for freshman seminars . . . in exactly the form voted on last March," McCardell said.

A grant from the Pew Memorial Trust in the interim was a "timely confluence," according to McCardell. The grant was given to support the freshman seminar program, but with no requirement that the seminars be mandatory. "The acknowledgment of the worthiness of the idea by an outside foundation increased our confidence," McCardell said, and led to the vote in the spring.

the seminars will be interdisciplinary, allowing students to ask questions and make connections

Although the proposal passed, it was not without opposition. Because of the large number of seminars, some faculty members were concerned about Middlebury's ability to staff them, and what would be left undone because of the faculty's extra teaching schedule. McCardell said that by increasing the faculty size "dramatically," there are more professors than necessary to teach those 35 or so added courses."

The burden placed on advisors was also a major point of opposition. With 15 advisees each, advisors would have more work and would perhaps be faced with expectations as counselors, a position for which they are untrained.

Also, some faculty members were opposed to retaining the freshman writing requirement; they believe two writing-intensive courses to be an unreasonable demand on the staff, McCardell said.

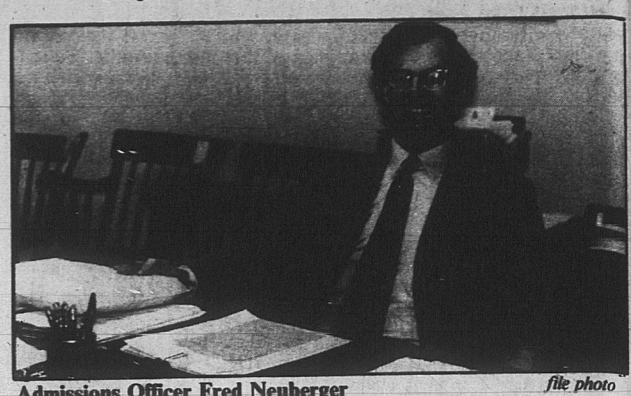
The future of foundations courses was also questioned.

McCardell called these arguments "legitimate opposition . . . We recognize the risks we're taking, but we are very enthusiastic," he said. "We don't know lif the program will be successfull until we try."

Admissions receives 378 Early Decision applications, aims to accept 20 percent of incoming freshman class

By Kirsten Orcutt

As November 15th has come and gone, the Admissions office has once again received well over 300 applications from high school seniors eager to be accepted to Middlebury's "Early Decision" Program. Now that the 378 applications have all come in, the Admissions committee has the tough task of choosing "about a hundred," says Fred Neuberger, Dean of Admissions. "In the past, we've taken as few as 65 and as many as 135 students for Early Decision."



Admissions Officer Fred Neuberger *file photo*

In general, Neuberger says, the College tries to accept about 20% of next year's incoming freshman class Early Decision. From the College's point of view, "20% of the class is accounted for right now with 100% yield." And for the high school senior who is accepted? "The whole wrangle of the senior application process is over early and in a fairly simple fashion."

Students should be warned, however, not to violate the Early Decision Policy of only applying to one college — especially within the Northeastern brethren of colleges. Neuberger explained that every college prepares a list of students who have applied early. This list gets circulated to most of the "competitive colleges." If a student turns up on two (or more) lists, Neuberger says, "There is a sense of an agreement that both colleges will withdraw the offer of admission to that student." This rarely happens, however.

Although there does seem to be an increasing trend in early decision applications — 46 more this year than last year — Neuberger doesn't see any significant changes.

Last year's minority recruitment weekend doesn't seem to have stimulated any new interest. "Very few, if any, minority students apply early," Neuberger said.

So, like every fall, the Admissions Committee will spend the next month evaluating applications and rewarding a select few students with early acceptance to their first-choice college.

Winter Term registration error

By Jacob Brown

This year many students were delighted to find they had received their first choice Winter Term course. Even freshmen and sophomores, students who often don't get first choices, were getting lucky.

The catch was found, though. According to Dean Erica Wonnacott, the programmers, while switching the computer systems' disks from old to new ones, neglected to include in the new ones an important program: the 'sort by class program.' So, the original computer run reflected only the order that the cards came in to the Dean of Students Office. Class status was not a consideration in the first running.

"I was asked by 3 Seniors why they got all got their seventh choices," said Wonnacott. Seniors getting last choices was unusual. She knew something was afoul in the system, "so we took a look at it."

The system was debugged, and the whole program was run again, this time giving many who had thought they had their first choice, their second or maybe third choices.

Freshman Robin Folweiler, for example, got none of her choices on the second go-round. "I understand the mistake," she said, "but I got my card in early. I thought I'd get at least one of my choices."

Andrew Friendly, also a freshman, was much luckier. He got his first choice both times. "Some people were diappointed," he said. "But I wasn't," he added with a chuckle.

Here's looking at you

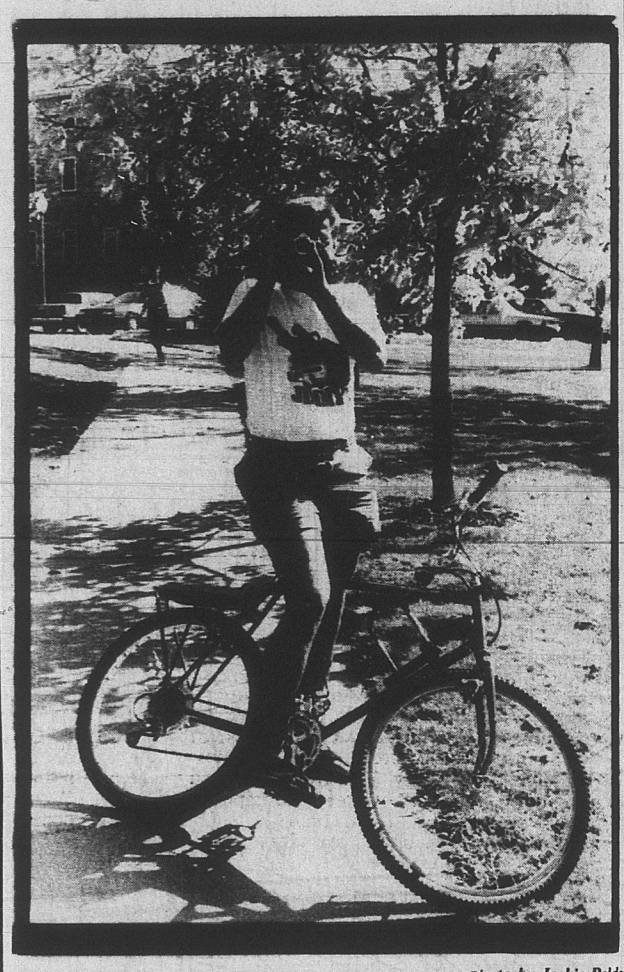


photo by Jackie Belde

Photographer Eddie Perkins gets even with Campus photographer Jackie Belden

ANNOUNCEMENTS, ETC.

All residence halls will be closed during the holiday season. All students must be out of the buildings by noon on December 16. Be sure to lock your doors and windows and turn up the heat when you leave. *All rooms will be checked to be sure that this has been done.* Please take with you all the belongings you will need during vacation; students will not be admitted to the residence halls to pick up items after they have been closed.

Students who seek permission to remain on campus during the holidays should see Dean Wonnacott no later than December 1.

All students who will not be returning after Fall Term must leave rooms completely cleaned out as new or returning students will be moving into them on January 2.

Dorms will reopen on Saturday, January 2 at 8 pm. There will be no exceptions made for students wishing to move in earlier. The first meal to be served will be dinner on Sunday, January 3. Classes will begin on Monday, January 4, 1988.

Reminder for Winter Term: "A student who fails to attend the first two hours of class may lose his/her place in the course and may be required to withdraw from the course unless excused in advance by the Dean of Students."

DINING HOURS DURING BREAK

Tuesday, November 24
Upper Proctor open for breakfast
Chateau and Lower Proctor — Continental Breakfast
Hamlin, Upper Proctor & Lower Proctor — Lunch
Hamlin, Lower Proctor — Dinner

Wednesday, November 25
Lower Proctor — Continental Breakfast
After Continental Breakfast all dining halls closed November 25 until dinner Sunday evening, November 29.

Sunday, November 29
Upper Proctor and Freeman open for dinner

Crest Room Holiday Hours
Wednesday, Friday, Saturday open 10:30 - 5:15; closed Thanksgiving day.

Zeppelin Holiday Hours
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Dianne Klein/Juliet Samson — 9 a.m. to 10 a.m.
Beth Lasell — 12 p.m. to 2:30 p.m.
Nigel D. Henry — 2:30 to 5 p.m.
Suzanne Johnson — 5 p.m. to 7:30 p.m.

VERBATIM:

President Robison's introduction to Central America Symposium

"Following are introductory remarks made at the Central America Symposium by President Robison, who wishes to acknowledge the help of Professors Gary Meyers and John Weeks."

We gather tonight to discuss an issue of long-term significance to United States foreign policy and world peace. Our discussion takes place against a background of new hope, hope initiated by the plan put forth by President Oscar Arias of Costa Rica and bolstered by the fact that President Reagan now seems willing to discuss the issues at hand with the Nicaraguan government. We will try this evening not to present issues in any partisan spirit, but to find enlightenment from panelists of considerable stature who represent various points of view on the minefield that is Central America: five countries, three of them battlefields.

Since I am not an expert on the Central American region, I shall restrict my own comments to those aspects of the current situation that are brought to mind as a result of my expertise in another area, that being U.S.-Soviet relations. Thefirststriking aspect of the current situation in Central America is that the governments of the region have reached an agreement with virtually no participation by the global superpowers. Recently, a distinguished visitor to our campus referred to the treaty as Central America's "declaration of independence." And indeed, ever since the end of the Spanish colonial era in the early nineteenth century, the region has been prey to what we would call today superpower confrontations. These first brought the United States into conflict with the major powers of Europe and resulted in the proclamation of the Monroe Doctrine. Since the Second World War, our commitment to global containment has resulted in confrontations with the Soviet Union or its presumed proxies in Guatemala, Cuba, Nicaragua, and El Salvador. In light of this background of superpower conflict, it is not surprising that Central America is a region in turmoil.

While we cannot predict the course of events there, we can with some confidence this week anticipate dramatic and far-reaching changes in the near future. Central America has reached a turning point — last August the leaders of Costa Rica, Guatemala, El Salvador, Honduras, and Nicaragua met and, notwithstanding their mutual animosities, struck an historic bargain for peace. The region is now engaged in a common debate on how to halt the flow of foreign arms and arrange ceasefires, amnesties, reconciliation, democratic reforms, and the return of refugees and political exiles. These are the pillars of the plan approved by the region's five chiefs of state when they met in Guatemala three months ago. In this country, the Reagan administration will delay until January its $270 million request for *contra* military aid. Just this past week, the Central American governments announced a series of measures to be carried out over the next two months to comply with the new regional peace treaty. This treaty, arrived at by the participants rather than imposed upon them, represents a tremendously important achievement, a precedent which holds out great promise for other troubled areas of the world.

Most significant from this perspective has been the new willingness of the avowedly-Marxist government of Nicaragua to enter into indirect negotiations with governments and rebel leaders backed by the United States. This is indeed a singular event in postwar history. Perhaps those somewhat unfamiliar with East-West diplomacy do not immediately appreciate the extraordinary nature of what has occurred in Central America. Governments whose fundamental conception of the nature of the just society have managed to set aside these bedrock differences in pursuit of a peaceful solution to political conflicts. This is an amazing experiment we observe, and I look forward to the comments of our panelists with regard to it.

As I speak of the Central American agreement, another epoch-making agreement is in the offing, an agreement that is scheduled to be signed in less than a month between the United States and the Soviet Union. One cannot help but to speculate about whether the timing of the two is purely coincidental, and, even if accidental, if each will not have implications for the other.

The forum which we have organized could therefore hardly have been better timed. The issues to be discussed tonight are ones that not only preoccupy policy makers, but require immediate resolution. What is done and what is not done over the next few weeks in Washington, San Jose, Guatemala City, San Salvador, Managua, and Tegucigalpe will decide the course of war or peace in Central America — perhaps to the end of the century.

We can with some confidence this week anticipate dramatic and far-reaching changes in the near future. It is the task for foreign-policy makers to anticipate and respond to these changes, and for all of us to understand them, a formidable task indeed when the future is so uncertain.

The ultimate goal of diplomacy is a peaceful and stable world in which sovereign states can promote the welfare of their citizens through cooperation with each other. As witnessed by the drawn out birth pains of a new trade agreement between the United States and its neighbor to the north, even among friendly nations this end is not always reached with ease. Much more difficult is negotiation among long-time enemies. Progress toward peace will be subject to scrutiny when President Arias flies to Oslo in December to accept the Nobel Peace Prize. He has invited the other four chiefs of state to join him there, with all the world watching. All sides say they are ready to comply. The world waits to see if peace will ensue.

Over size load overflows on Route 7

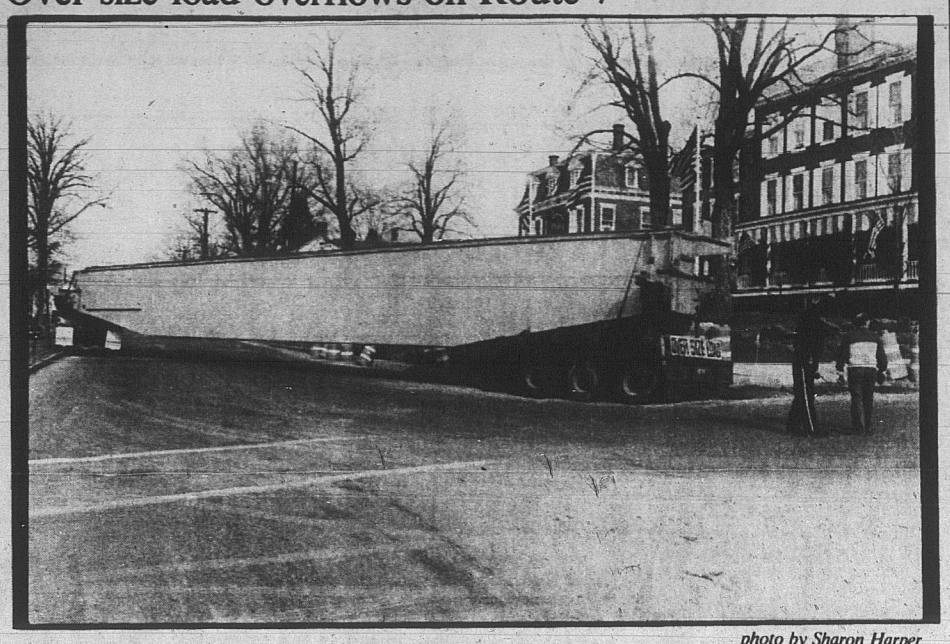

photo by Sharon Harper

Driver Lloyd Aldinger and a Vermont State Trooper remove an 'Oversize Load' rigger whose wheel got caught in soft sand while trying to turn in front ofthe Middlebury Inn on Tuesday. Traffic was held up for hours on Route 7 South during efforts to remove the rig which came from Iowa Falls, IA. No one warned the driver of the narrow turn through town. The incident serves as another reminder of how ineffectual Route 7 is for processing traffic loads through town.

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FEATURES

John Tinker: A Middlebury graduate with an unusual career *Elsewhere*

By Dorothea Herrey

Do you wonder what you're going to do after college? Do you shudder at the prospect of wearing a grey pinstriped suit every day? If so, fear not, for there are other roads to success, insists Middlebury graduate, John Tinker. And he should know. Tinker, who graduated from Midd in 1980, is the executive story editor, and now also a producer, of the television series, *St.Elsewhere*. He won an Emmy Award in 1986 for his writing of the two-part *St. Elsewhere* episode, "Time Heals," and is currently adjusting to his role of producer as the show eases into its sixth season.

It wasn't easy getting there, he asserts, in spite of his high connections. His father, Grant Tinker, founded the production company MTM Enterprises (where *St. Elsewhere* is produced), then moved on to become chairman of NBC. John's brother, Mark, is also involved in MTM's *St. Elsewhere* as director. But both sons had to break the ice themselves because, they explain in a recent *Rolling Stone* article, "there was an unspoken understanding that we do it on our own."

John grew up in Connecticut with his mother and siblings, far from the influence of his father in California. When he started at Middlebury, he had no idea that he would go into television, he said in a phone interview last week. Tinker majored in English here, and took several creative writing courses.

During his freshman year, he worked on the student arm of the campus police, and then, as a sophomore, he became an auxiliary state trooper, working across from the A&W. "I had a life on campus, and another life off-campus," he said. "I met good people on both the Midd and state police forces, and got a good taste of local color."

Even as a senior he wasn't sure what he'd do after college. "I was cognizant of the fact that everyone would have interviews with Mani-Hani [Manufacturer's Hanover]," he explained, "and all I knew senior year was that I didn't want that." Instead, a week after graduation in 1981, Tinker got married (to another Midd graduate, Jennifer Gluck '80) and drove out west to be near the two people who had influenced him most: his father and his brother, who was an LA cop.

He ended up choosing TV over crime-fighting. "I knew my dad found television creatively rewarding," he said, "so I decided to try it."

The process was difficult, however. Though his father could get him interviews, he could not guarantee his son a job, and after eight interviews with different companies, Tinker got only one offer. He started as a "production assistant" for the show *Knot's Landing*, at Lorimar Studios. "It was really a gopher job," he maintained. "I ended up getting food for people or running personal errands. But it gave me a chance to observe directing and editing." That lasted only one season, *Knot's Landing*'s last.

The following year, after Mr. Tinker senior had left MTM for NBC, John's brother Mark (who himself had been hired unbeknownst to his father) helped him get a gopher job with *St. Elsewhere* on a trial basis for the show's first season. During this first year, John experimented with writing, and with his brother co-wrote an especially well-received episode, appropriately entitled, "Brothers." The show's executive producer liked it enough to promote John to the position of staff writer.

As his episodes met with increasing public praise, he moved up to the post of "story editor"— writing and rewriting episodes— in the show's third season. He became the executive story editor in the fifth season and won his Emmy. Now he's become one of the producers, with such responsibilities as overseeing editing, writing, casting and budgeting.

He's had the St. Elsewhere characters go vacationing to Middlebury

Tinker emphasized that he was lucky that *St. Elsewhere* started so soon after his *Knot's Landing* job ended, because he could keep working. "TV is not like other jobs," he pointed out. "You can't climb the way you can in a bank. Your job lasts the life of the series."

When asked how it felt to win an Emmy, he replied, "it was very gratifying. I was gratified becaue ["Time Heals"] was a very good show. I was proud of it. But an Emmy doesn't do a thing in the long run. There's another script you have to write, and you always have to try to improve." He said the statue hasn't even been on his mantle since the last California earthquake.

Tinker's only regret about his job is that it's in California. "I miss the East more than life itself. When I go to New York City, there's real energy in the air. I love it. And I miss Vermont— Vermont and its seasons. I miss the cold. Vermont is ponds and mountains and woods— that's what life is. I know that sounds trite and cliche, but it's true. Here in L.A. I have to go by the sports calendar to see what season it is— baseball is the only sign of spring."

He said he misses Middlebury, too. "I think about it all the time. I even try to include it in the show." He's had the *St. Elsewhere* characters Dr. Auschlander and his wife go vacationing in Middlebury, and he often uses the names of former professors for characters. "I used professor Donadio's name in one of my first scripts. I think he's terrific— he influenced me a lot."

His advice for students interested in television or communications is to keep trying. "Many Middlebury people have called me," he said, "and I want to help them, but it's not always possible. It's very difficult to get in." He believes, however, that persistence pays off.

So take heart, those of you who shirk economics and shrink from the prospect of professional school. There *are* jobs out there. But you'd better get on the good side of your professors first. You never know— you might want to use one of them in a movie sometime.

Mindless Ramblings:

We should be so lucky

By Eric A. Winick

Sometimes life gets a little overbearing. Well, hell, we've all had our problems, our ups and downs, and we all know that sometimes we have to leave reality for a little while. It's not that we can't deal, it's that we don't *want* to deal.

There are the alternatives: we can kill ourselves, which would be an untimely, unfortunate waste of human life; or we can divert ourselves in some appropriate, albeit ridiculous fashion. We are a culture of escapists. Inherent in this fact is an element of creativity. We imagine ourselves in quaint, helpful (though not necessarily pleasant) situations. The question, then, remains: are we happiest when embroiled in the throes of misery?

Which brings us to situation number one: the self-imposed music video. Aren't Walkmen wonderful things? You can wear them anywhere. They're compact, mood-inducing contraptions that shut you off from the outside world — allowing one to become one, to mind-meld, with the music. So imagine yourself walking through the rain in a bad mood listening to Suzanne Vega. All the while you're mouthing the words. If you're a guy, say you're listening to *Murmur*. Your eyes are the camera, the music's your world, you're singing — you're MTV incarnate! Voila. Instant reality. Most of the time you go away from these experiences feeling much better — hell, who wouldn't after becoming Suzanne Vega or Michael Stipe for five minutes? There's no denying it for any of us.

What about creative writing? Many of us who write do so from personal experience. So what if we had a lousy time at the party Saturday night? So what if we didn't meet anyone special? When we write we can make it all come out perfect in the end.

We can exaggerate, overemphasize, underscore, and blow minute events in our lives way out of proportion. In this sense, creative writing becomes escapism. Hell, Mozart hardly knew Salieri — it took someone like Peter Schaffer to write "Amadeus" and make the story interesting. So what if things aren't exactly rapturous in the end; similarly, we take the boring events of our lives and attach great significance to them. We deify ourselves.

Then there are the obvious diversions: movies, novels, television, and teddy bears, and acting. It's fun to forget your own problems and tune into somebody else's for a change. For instance, it's refreshing to turn from your own barren, nonexistent frozen tundra of a love life to the romantic, passion-soaked pages of Lawrence's *Sons and Lovers*. It allows you to put things in perspective.

Take too, the reigning king of escapist movies: "Ferris Bueller's Day Off." You just want to wring John Hughes by the neck. Sure, Ferris is having a ball. But you're sitting inside, it's snowing out, and you've got two hundred pages of *Middlemarch* for tomorrow. "Life moves pretty fast," says the grinning bastard, "if you don't stop and look around once in a while . . ." Yeah, yeah. Stick Ferris in EL 201 and see if *he* gets away with blowing off *Paradise Lost*.

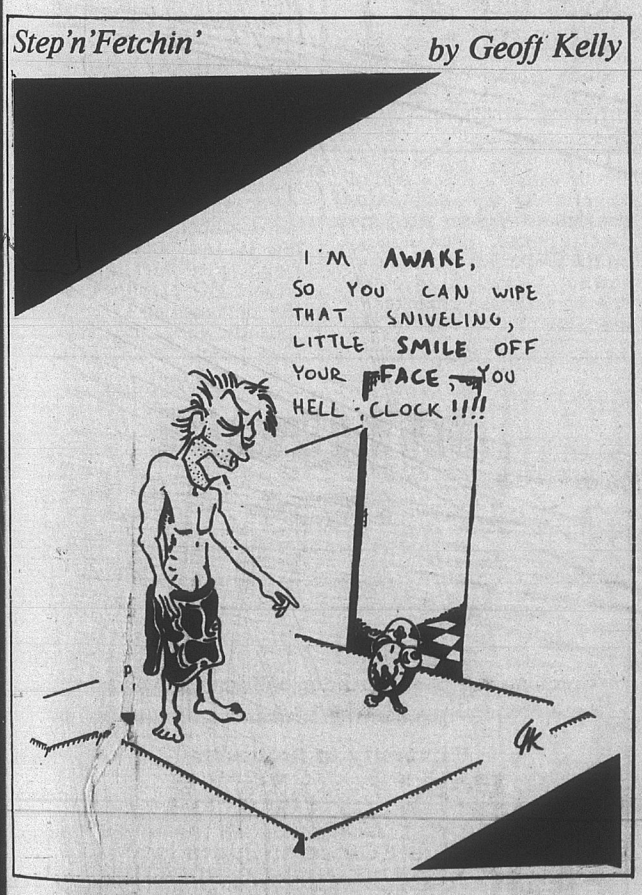
Alcohol and drugs are also big-time escape tactics. But they are employed too rarely here at Midd to be worth mentioning.

Lastly, the most pertinent and frequently-used diversion from reality, sex. And here again we see a case where humans love wallowing in

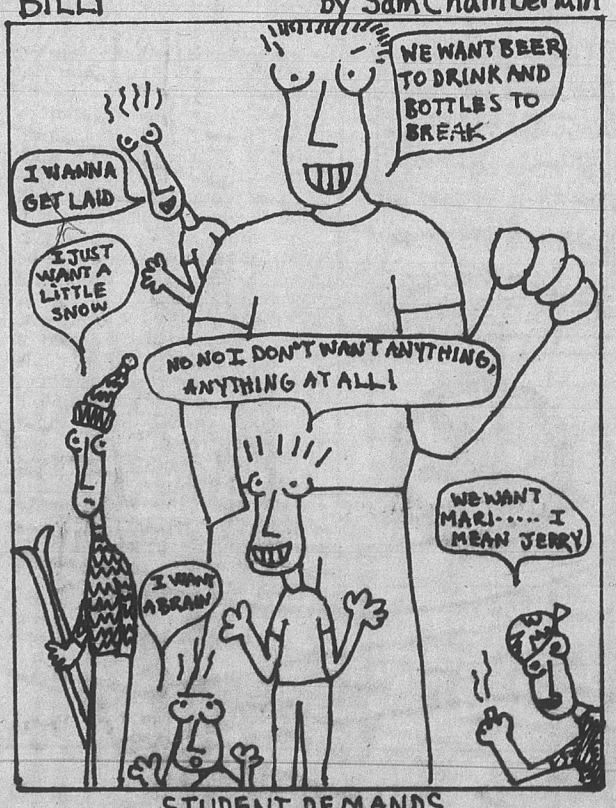
(continued on page 9)

Student Comics

Step'n'Fetchin' *by Geoff Kelly*



BILLY *by Sam Chamberlain*


WE WANT BEER TO DRINK AND BOTTLES TO BREAK
I WANNA GET LAID
I JUST WANT A LITTLE SNOW
NO NO I DON'T WANT ANYTHING, ANYTHING AT ALL!
WE WANT MARI-.... I MEAN JERRY
I WANT A BRAIN
STUDENT DEMANDS

Bedhead *by Eche*

Guest Columnist

"Really Rural"

By Kirsten Keppel

To understand the relationship that Middlebury's setting plays in the lives of its undergraduates, you have to realize that they sometimes overlook the obvious. They forget they're going to school and preparing for the Real World in a really rural place.

Sometimes forgetting about Middlebury's setting is an advantage to students' lives; sometimes it's a detriment. It's a detriment, for example, when they and their hallmates decide to jaunt up to Burlington for some Big City fun and discover somewhere along Route 7 they've run out of gas.

It's also a detriment when they forget to stock up on groceries and snacks for the weekend because they forgot that they can't get any food in Middlebury after twelve a.m. on a Saturday night.

But most of the time, forgetting about Middlebury's location is a pretty good sign. It means the students are not distracted by the hassles of metropolitan life and are free to concentrate on their studies and assure their anxious parents that they're getting their fifteen thousand dollars' worth in sponsoring their child's education.

It's only when students return to the city for the summer and encounter the disagreeable ways and means of life in the working world that they realize they are blessed to be living in verdant hills and watching breathtaking sunsets over the Adirondacks and freezing their tails off on a starry, frozen New England winter night and otherwise enjoying Middlebury's picturesque and incomparable beauty.

But it takes a while before you begin to feel that you are blessed. It took me an entire semester to come to grips with the fact that I was going to school in a farmland. I knew that Middlebury was rural; I'd seen it twice before applying. But I saw it in the summer, when it is no less short of paradise, particularly if you're coming from the muggy, steamy, swampy, overworked and overcrowded Washington area. I was duped from the first into attending the college because of its natural beauty and setting.

Even though I'd been advised by the catalog that "those who rejoice in urban pleasures may not at first be enchanted with the farm lands, great natural forests, lakes and mountains that cover the landscape surrounding the campus, but they can, if adventurous, explore the resources of the nearest great city, Montreal, which is only two and one half hours away by car," I wasn't in any way equipped for Middlebury's setting. I certainly didn't feel enchanted by it. More like bewitched.

I spent the first few months of school in total confusion with my surroundings, often crying long distance into the phone and looking very undignified and unscholarly in my fuzzy pink terry cloth robe and bedroom slippers. "I know I said I wanted to go here," I sobbed, "but this place is awfully rural."

Even when the crying spells stopped and I made sure I was dressed before I spoke on the phone, I was still in some strange sort of funk. When my anxious parents asked me how I was doing, all I could manage was an adament albeit confused assertion that this place was "really rural."

But try saying that something is "really rural" when you're holding it all in and trying not to cry. You know what it comes out like? "Gee Mom and Dad, I wealize I said I wanted to go here, but this pwace is weally wuwal!"

I was even more distressed by the fact that I was the only

(continued on page 9)

Targeting SDI: Is it practical?

By Allison Looney

"Star Wars: Nuclear Defense or Science Fiction?" was the title of Physics Professor Richard Wolfson's lecture on Friday, November 6, at the 12:15 lunch meeting of the Armadillos in Proctor Lounge. Wolfson spoke primarily on the technological aspects of the Strategic Defense Initiative (SDI), whether or not it will be possible to develop the proposed weapons with present technology, and whether or not SDI can be a viable defense system.

Wolfson began by describing the strategic nuclear forces possessed by the United States and the Soviet Union. The United States has 1,000 Intercontinental Ballistic Missiles (ICBM's) carrying 2,100 warheads; 600 Submarine Launch Ballistic Missiles (SLBM's) carrying 5,200 warheads; and 270 bombers carrying 2,300 bombs. The Soviet Union has 1,400 ICBM's carrying 5,200 warheads; 900 SLBM's carrying 2,200 warheads; and 140 bombers carrying 400 bombs.

These figures are a couple of years old, and the total number of warheads has increased somewhat. The weapons being developed as part of SDI are designed to work against ICBM's, which take about thirty minutes to travel over 12,000 miles to reach their targets. SDI is unlikely to be effective against SLBM's, which are launched a couple of hundred miles off the coast of the target country and take about six minutes to reach their targets, or against bombers, which do not leave the atmosphere, so SDI weapons could not reach them.

ICBM's have a 3-5 minute boost phase for traveling through the 100-mile thick atmosphere; the peak in their parabolic trajectory occurs at about 800 miles up. In their five minute post-boost phase the warheads separate and the warheads continue on their way individually. For about twenty minutes the warheads travel through space, then spend about one minute coming down through the atmosphere before hitting their targets.

Each missile carries three to ten warheads, and from 1,000 to 10,000 decoys, for example aluminized balloons that appear to be warheads on radar; it is even possible to put warheads inside of balloons to further confuse a defensive system.

It seems best to destroy missiles in their boost phase before they split up into warheads because there are far fewer targets to be tracked and because booster rockets produce large, bright plumes of flame that are easy to spot and track. However, it is not possible to locate the missile accurately above the plume, so it may not be possible to target it correctly.

Space-based x-ray lasers are designed to work against missiles in the boost phase. A laser emits a burst of coherent energy capable of remaining tighly focused and intense, which would send tremendous shock waves through its target powerful enough to knock out the electronics that guide the warheads and detonate their nuclear material.

However, in doing so, the laser might not blow the warhead apart, so it would not be possible to determine if the warhead was still a threat. In addition, x-ray lasers would require so much power that they would need to be powered by a nuclear bomb.

There would need to be as many x-ray lasers in space as there are missiles in the Soviet arsenal. In addition, deploying such weapons would violate existing treaties against nuclear weapons in space. The development of such weapons is one reason President Reagan has balked at negotiating a nuclear test ban (although tests of the x-ray laser to date have been less promising than expected).

Another weapon being developed for SDI is the railgun, a magnetic accelerator capable of accelerating small plastic balls to speeds of 20 miles per second, which would shatter warheads. The power necessary to do this would require putting nuclear reactors in space, an operation with many possibilities for disaster.

Ground-based lasers, on the other hand, would use a large power source on earth to generate laser beams to be directed toward mirrors in space and bounced back to their targets on earth. These mirrors would have to have diameters of 10 meters be extremely accurate, more so than is presently feasible. An additional problem with such mirrors would be their vulnerability in space.

The power delivered by these proposed weapons must exceeds current capabilities by 100 to 10,000 times, according to a report by a study group of the American Physical Society (APS). This unbiased group is composed of professional physicists, some of whom work for private companies doing weapons production for the government.

The report was compiled with the government's cooperation, with access to classified material. It was highly critical of the prospects for making SDI work, and suggested that at least 10 years would be needed just to find out if SDI concepts are feasible.

If SDI was somehow implemented, a large network of computers would have to coordinate its activites, including communications, identification, tracking, aiming, firing, and verification of kills. The software to do this would require 40 to 100 million lines of programming; far greater than the current maximum for existing programs. Bugs in SDI programming could result in inaccurate targeting, misfires, and misses.

There are many countermeasures that the Soviets could use against SDI, such as adding spin to missiles to minimize the time a laser beam rests on it, and the use of protective shrouds on missiles.

Decoys would also be very effective in spreading SDI weapons thin enough so that warheads could escape destruction while balloons were being targeted; chaff (aluminum foil shreds) would be able to confuse radar, making targeting of actual warheads very difficult; and umbrellas, which would be something along the lines of aluminum shields, could be used to conceal warheads from sensors.

The entire SDI system could be confused at any point by blinding sensors, jamming communications, and setting off nuclear explosions in space.

The current budget for SDI research is $3-4 billion every year. NASA receives $7.5 billion per year, half of which is used for the shuttle, which in the future will receive heavy military use for SDI launches. In contrast, the National Science Foundation, which funds civilian research, receives only $1.6 billion per year.

Wolfson's chief objection to SDI, aside from technical problems, is the likelihood that, like armor in the Middle Ages, countermeasures will be developed to circumvent it; he would not be opposed to SDI if he thought it could be made foolproof, which he strongly doubts.

The Soviets are already at work on their own version of SDI and our Air Force has budgeted a certain amount of money to develop ways of foiling our own SDI in hopes that it would work on the Soviet Union's version. Wolfson does not regard this as constructive in establishing peace; he feels that, "the way to stop the arms race is to stop it, not to continue it in some other form."

Tom Meyer chunking it in during art class

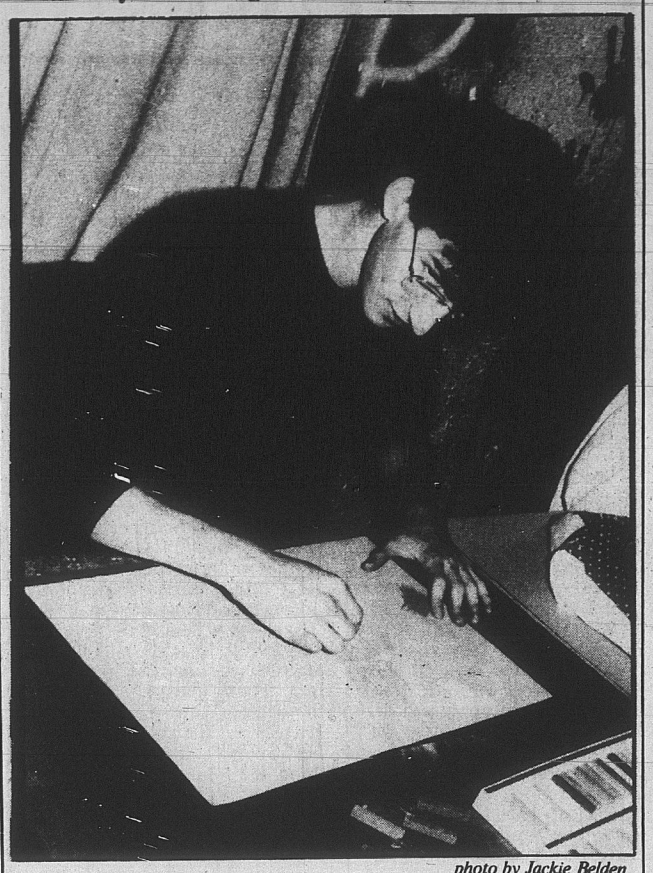


photo by Jackie Belden

Going at an Ancient Game

By Paul Gould

Tired of Wednesday night studying, Wednesday night partying, and Wednesday night meetings? Do you need intellectual stimulation that goes beyond being talked at in a lecture hall? Why not join the few Middlebury students who dedicate their Wednesday nights to the pursuit of mastery in an ancient Japanese strategy game which is as challenging as five simultaneous chess matches!

GO first made its appearance at Middlebury last winter term when assistant math professor Peter Schumer and English professor John Elder conducted a seminar that focused on the game.

Both professors are highly skilled at GO; Peter Schumer is nationally ranked and recently won the Northeastern GO Tournament in New York.

Middlebury's GO club, which meets every Wednesday from 7:30 on, is Schumer's way to cultivate his interest in the game and pass it along to less experienced players.

"GO has been said to be a game which takes a few minutes to learn but a lifetime to master," said Schumer "I think a lifetime is an underestimation."

The gameboard itself seems simple enough. It is a grid of 19 horizontal lines and 19 vertical ones. Players alternate placing pieces, called 'stones,' on the grid in an effort to surround territory. Unlike checkers, chess, or backgammon, the object of GO is not necessarily to win, but to play a good game. The better player in a match is predetermined through individual rankings and handicaps are built into the game to compensate for skill variations.

"The game is more cooperative than competitive," said Schumber, "But at the higher levels, competition can be fierce." In fact, Samuris used to play GO during lulls in battle.

Mastery of GO requires a good analytical mind, as in chess, but also calls for an aesthetic sense of the game in knowing what "looks" right. In fact, the game is widely known as an art form and shares many of the characteristics of other art mediums, such as cultivation of a personal style and the lifelong pursuit of mastery.

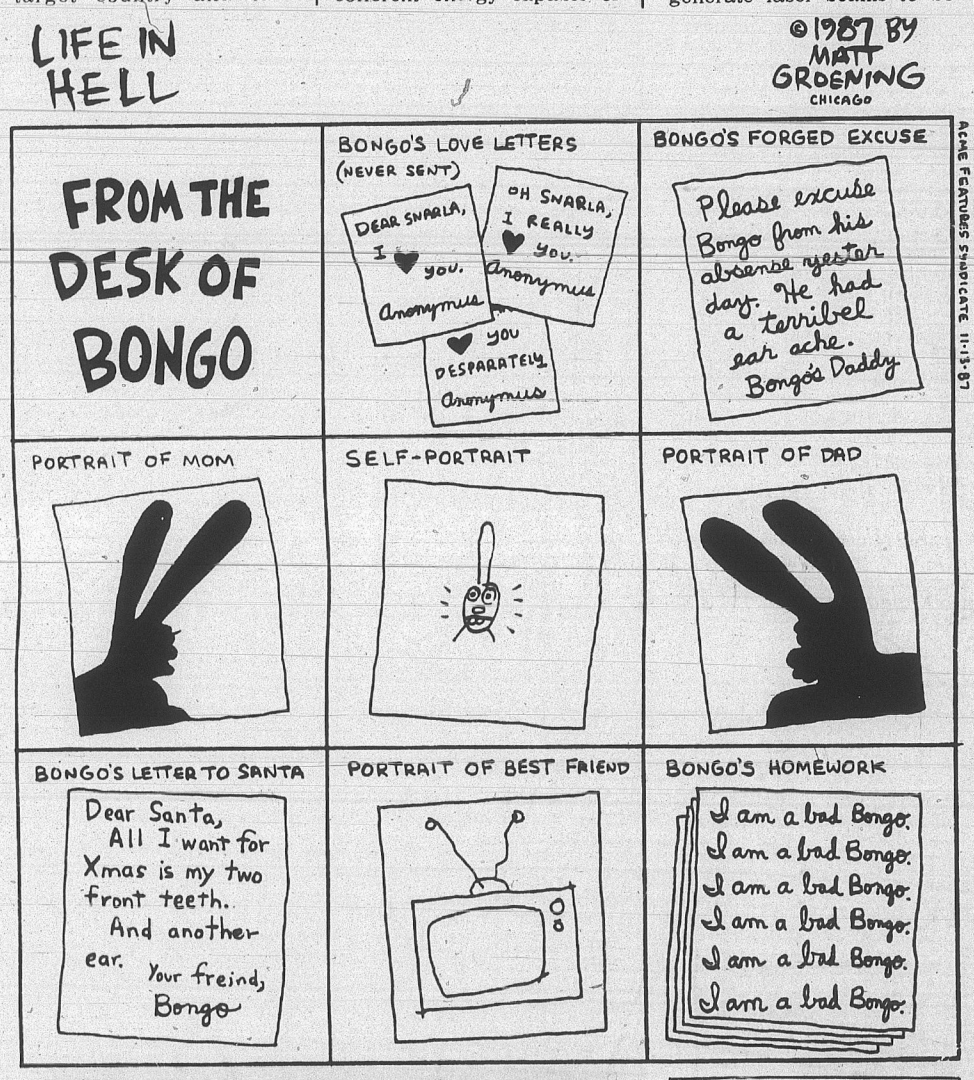
There is currently no intercollegiate GO network; only a few universities such as U. of Maryland (where Schumer started) and U.C. Berkley, have GO clubs. If participation grows in the Middlebury area, Prof. Schumer would consider organizing tournaments.

To play the game on any level, or just to learn, all you have to do is go to one of the weekly meetings. However, Schumer warns that tamperings with the mystique and intricacy of GO could result in a lifelong obsession; and he speaks from experience.

A Chinese philosopher on his deathbed, who, if he had life to live again, said he would spend half of it on GO.

Most GO players consider the philosopher to be unenthusiatic about the game.

LIFE IN HELL


©1987 BY MATT GROENING CHICAGO
FROM THE DESK OF BONGO
BONGO'S LOVE LETTERS (NEVER SENT)
DEAR SNARLA, I ♥ you. Anonymous
OH SNARLA, I REALLY ♥ YOU. Anonymous
♥ YOU DESPARATELY Anonymous
BONGO'S FORGED EXCUSE
Please excuse Bongo from his absense yester day. He had a terribel ear ache. Bongo's Daddy
ACME FEATURES SYNDICATE 11-13-87
PORTRAIT OF MOM
SELF-PORTRAIT
PORTRAIT OF DAD
BONGO'S LETTER TO SANTA
Dear Santa, All I want for Xmas is my two front teeth. And another ear. Your freind, Bongo
PORTRAIT OF BEST FRIEND
BONGO'S HOMEWORK
I am a bad Bongo.
I am a bad Bongo.
I am a bad Bongo.
I am a bad Bongo.
I am a bad Bongo.
I am a bad Bongo.

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Whatever happened to religion?

By Antoinette Van Zelm

Last year in England, my Irish Medieval history professor enjoyed making ironic comparisons between the religiously-motivated decadence of the Middle Ages and the post-Christian degeneracy of the 1980's. Of course, we don't have to go back nearly as far as the Middle Ages to discover that religion was once a much more central element to the lives of the general population than it is today.

One of the most noticeable differences between the 1887 Undergraduate newspaper and the modern Campus is the emphasis on religious matters. In the former publication, references to chapel and religious worship are pervasive, while these are practically non-existent in today's paper.

In 1887, daily chapel attendance was mandatory for all students. As the 1887-88 general catalog proclaimed, "The exercises of each day begin with religious services, which all students are expected to attend." In addition, students were "required to attend public worship on Sunday," and they had to tell the President at the beginning of the year which church they planned to frequent.

Having to be present at chapel (the room of worship was on the third floor of Old Chapel) every morning, students were naturally concerned with its appearance. In a letter to the editor in the December 1887 Undergraduate, one student expressed his dissatisfaction with the aesthetic quality of the chapel.

He indicated that he was embarrassed by the appearance of the chapel when bringing a friend or relative to services, and he believed that other students must feel similarly. "What student, however loyal he may be to Middlebury College, has not felt a slight tinge of shame as he glances from the

they had to tell the president which church they planned to frequent

Freshman carved benches to the proofs of many posters and marks on the dingy walls, and has not wished it otherwise; has not attempted some excuse as the barn-like barrenness was thrust upon him as it had never appeared to him while present with his fellow students?"

To rectify this situation, the student suggested, the chapel could be decorated with the portraits of "honored benefactors and instructors," in the manner of other college chapels he had visited.

In addition to worship services, rhetorical exercises were held each morning in chapel. In the December issue of the Undergraduate, it was reported that the Professor of English had "placed a veto on 'partisan political discussion' on the chapel stage." Evidently students' rhetoric had gotten out of hand.

The Undergraduate editors agreed that recent political discussion had become so heated that "mere personal retorts, rounded with sarcasm and seasoned with slang" had taken the place of a dignified and beneficial exchange of ideas. "Let us therefore endeavor to make our discussions consistent, always to be on the lookout for truth, and ever to be ready to discard an erroneous idea," urged the paper.

The "Town and Campus" section of the Undergraduate contained brief reports on local church services. The December issue noted Thanksgiving service at the Congregational church, as well as a recent sermon delivered at the church by Rev. C. F. Carter of Burlington, a former pitcher for "the Yale Varsity nine." It was also announced that a Middlebury senior was "supplying the pulpit of the Congregational church at Bridport."

This was not at all unusual; Middlebury students often prepared for the ministry by serving at local churches. According to David Stameshkin in *The Town's College: Middlebury College 1800-1915*, the ministry claimed a higher percentage (42%) of male graduates from the classes of 1802-40 than any other occupation, though by 1887 the ministry was falling behind education, law, and business in attracting Middlebury students. It is not surprising that more than half of the alumni "personals" in the December Undergraduate related to ministers or those studying at seminary.

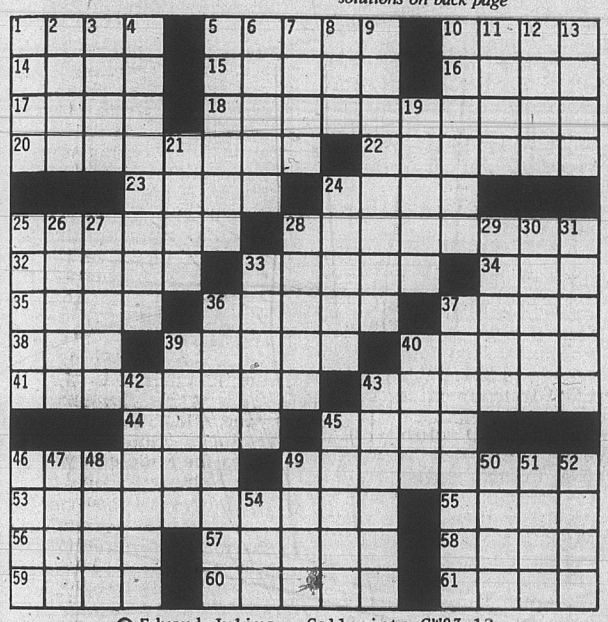
The December 1887 Undergraduate also gives an indication of the conservative nature of religious thought at Middlebury. In an article entitled, "Is She Fit," a student discussed whether or not Utah should be admitted as a state into the Union. Stating, "our country is the hot-bed of faulty religious innovation," the student set forth his belief that the Mormonism of the people of Utah should not be tolerated.

He described Mormonism as "a thorn" which "for over 80 years has been lacerating the viscera of the nation." Specifying the practice of polygamy and the Mormon belief "that all government comes from God through the priesthood," the student concluded that Utah should not be admitted to the Union until "her religion is robbed of its mundane character."

Just as chapel and religious services are no longer detailed in the Campus, such criticisms of other religious faiths are no longer present in Middlebury's student paper. Yet the two chapels on campus are still central meeting places for the college community, reflecting the former pervasiveness of religion in college life.

collegiate crossword

solutions on back page



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ACROSS

1 Football players
5 Rich or prominent man
10 Scarlett's home
14 Defeat soundly
15 Market place
16 English river
17 Roman road
18 Military stance (2 wds.)
20 Living by a certain religious vow
22 French painter
23 Take out
24 —— up
25 Free from sin
28 Warlike persons
32 Chemical additive
33 Microscope shelf
34 Vigor
35 Money
36 Condiment
37 Half of Samoan town
38 "Guinness Book" suffix
39 Trite
40 Donkey
41 Firm supporte
43 English city
44 Slender
45 African country
46 Piece of thread
49 Contribution
53 Change
55 Author Grey
56 Detroit output
57 Mother-of-pearl
58 Give off
59 Items for Tom Watson
60 Ms. Garson
61 Charlie Brown expression

DOWN

1 Mr. Sevareid
2 Beginning for book or paper
3 Formal fight
4 Shrill
5 Bomb substance
6 Marble
7 Interior diameter of a gun barrel
8 —— pro nobis
9 Light, playful banter
10 Goal
11 Declare
12 A Kennedy
13 Picnic problem
19 Between: Fr.
21 Red as a ——
24 Swiftly
25 Spreads unchecked
26 Pass off
27 Mouth of a river
28 Circus pole
29 Asunder
30 Brazilian river
31 Golf club
33 —— plug
36 —— army
37 —— Prize
39 Web-footed birds
40 Gaucho gear
42 Venezuelan grasslands
43 Flag
45 Actor Dudley
46 Immediately, in hospitals
47 Authentic
48 Scold
49 Recipe direction
50 "—— Camera"
51 "I wouldn't bet ——"
52 New Jersey team
54 Whale the —— out of

EXCERPTS BY JACK E. BELDEN

Peaceful Loneliness at Middlebury

(continued from page 7)

student on campus who seemed to be having this problem. No one I knew ever wrote or phoned home specifically to complain that only farm lands and natural forests lay between us and the airport that would take us back to civilization. No one seemed disturbed that the town has one main street in it. No one seemed to notice when the first snow fell that radio announcers gave conditions for the primary and secondary roads in the whole state of Vermont, and the primary roads were the ones that were paved.

So I kept my observations and worries pretty much to myself and phoned my New England relatives and tried to weasel them into taking me to Montreal for October break. More like begged, implored, and threatened to kill myself if they didn't take me to Montreal for October break. They hung up, worried, called my anxious parents, and hustled to the bank to change their bucks for Canadian money. They probably also muttered that I could have stayed home and gone to the University of Maryland on a scholarship and spared myself this kind of an education.

While I waited for October break to come, I put on a brave face and asked a couple of trusted friends if Middlebury's "rurality" got to them. A couple of people said no, what got to them more was that every third person they met at Middlebury either lived or had gone to a private school in Massachusetts. These friends were peeved because they'd read that sixty percent of Middlebury students had gone to public schools but this percentage wasn't terribly visible on campus.

Some said Middlebury's location got inconvenient at times but they liked the solitude and ivory tower and eighteen-year old drinking age more than most under twenty-one urban pleasures. I discovered that while most Middlebury kids are vaguely aware that they are going to school in a rural location, they don't spend a lot of their hard-earned free time thinking much about it.

In fact, it is more difficult than you might realize to get people to acknowlege that Middlebury is in a rural location. I guess they think it's stating the obvious. A French professor asked our class what had struck us most about Middlebury. When I said timidly "la ruralité," she smiled and said "ah bon."

Other people gave less dignified answers to my question "do you think this place is rural?" They responded with grunts and humphs and "ayuhs." The people who gave the "ayuhs" were already pretty used to New England, so they weren't too aware of the importance of being earnest in their answers. I wanted some candid responses, but only seemed to collect shrugs and monosyllables.

I finally found one friend who made me feel much better when she said "hell yeah, this place is rural." It was twilight and the sun was going down over the Adirondacks and we were sitting on her futon and she had a cigarette dangling from her mouth, which added to the mystique surrounding the question. "Honey," she drawled, blowing out circles of smoke, "they don't come much more rural than this. Take a look around you. What do you see?"

I had wanted an answer, and with that response I got it. But it still didn't do much to solve my dilemma. But I discovered soon after that acknowledgement that I stopped phoning home as much, no longer spluttered "weally wuwal," and took long walks and bike rides with a friend around the charming and enchanting New England countryside.

When I finally did go to Montreal I had a great reunion with my friends there and enjoyed staying out till dawn in a crowded nightclub. But I heard myself telling them that I would be glad to get back to my room in quiet, peaceful Middlebury, where nothing much happens in the way of nightclubs but nothing rivals the amazing life in the mountains when the sun breaks through the stars and morning sounds fill the air and hills and sky.

Winick

(continued from page 7)

agony. Which is not to say that all relationships are doomed to failure. My personal hero, Allen Stuart Koenigsburg, has put forward the theory that people love making themselves miserable to avoid dealing with the larger problems of the universe (Death, Nuclear War, AIDS, Pollution, etc.). Misery breeds company, it's true, or is that the other way around? Whatever. Sex, taken lightly, as a meaningless entertainment, becomes a breeding ground for headaches and tremendous logistical problems. What, after all, does it all *mean*?

But again, as casual sex is a virtual nonentity on this campus, we needn't concern ourselves with the subject. Who knows? We're always searching for some way out, and it seems as if we'll do it any way we can, whether it means becoming incredibly happy or morose. In the music video, we put ourselves above reality; when we write our lives slant, we're readjusting reality; in movies we escape reality; through casual flings we divert reality.

After all, relationships are supposed to be *fun*. When we choose to worry ourselves sick over them, well ... perhaps then it's time to put things in perspective. How small our problems are! How ridiculous are some of the things we worry about! God, at least we have our health. And isn't that what counts in today's society?

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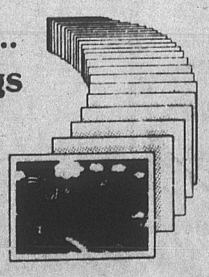

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ARTS

UNKNOWN PLEASURES:

Positively Innovative

By Chris Cahill

Every once in a while, an album comes out that has one of those catchy lead-off tracks. Every time you flick on your stereo, you inevitably drop the needle on this song. It becomes an obsession as you do this daily, for weeks at a time. Well, I have to admit that I've been doing this again with the new Ep from **O Positive**.

Boston favorites, **O Positive** returns with their fine 5-song Ep *Cloud Factory* (Link Records). These five guys have all of the talent necessary to make it big. Clever, catchy melodies combined with a driving rhythm section make you wonder how these guys could still be only a local band. The best kept secret in Boston next to Kitty Dukakis' diet pills?

O Positive's first Ep *Only Breathing* garnered them great critical support. Some had heard about their exciting live show, but the vinyl was surprising. But we had to bide our time for two years waiting for the next release.

Clever, catchy melodies combined with a driving rhythm make you wonder how they can be a local band.

Never ones to disappoint, they've improved the sound and have even expanded a bit.

The opening guitar on "Talk About Love" infects, and you're quickly hooked. The drums and bass pick up and guide you through this song that you won't be able to get out of your mind. Singer Dave Herlihy gives the vocals a strained, urgent quality which compliments the pulsating beat.

The first four songs show that O Positive has a knack for innovative upbeat rock. But the pick cut on this Ep is the moody, gentle last cut, "Watch Out, This Sled's Made for a Maniac." A simple guitar line outlines a beautiful aural landscape. Congas, marimbas, cello, violin and even a shopping cart join together to produce a lovely, yet haunting song.

Since we've hit the middle of November, I'm going to go ahead and say that this could be the best local album out of Boston this year. Unfortunately, the small size of Link Records may hamper access to this album. If people outside of Boston ever get wind of these guys, who knows what could happen.

OK, now what would you get if you stripped about three-quarters of the effects off of the guitars of Husker Du? You would have something that sounded like Boston's **Big Dipper**. Their new album *Heavens* (Homestead Records) is another quality pressing from the plethora of Boston bands.

Mixing the sounds of such bands as Husker Du, The Modern Lovers, with a touch of the Minutemen thrown in, *Heavens* is a powerful album. Big Dipper manages to smooth out the hard core crunch just enough to make a rocking sound full of melodic hooks. Lead singer Bill Goffier's voice seems to be a mixture of Jonathan Richman and David Byrne, pensive but with a little larger range.

Yet, admits all of these comparaisons, Big Dipper manages to pull off a distinctive sound. The stand out cuts include the country spiced "Man O' War," "She's Fetching" and "Humason." It is a strong effort from Big Dipper which should garner a good deal of college airplay.

Next time: **Hypno-beat** with the **Woodentops**

GUEST COLUMNIST:

The Literature of Existence

By Kirsten Orcutt

"How do we know that we are alive?" In the 12th century we probably never would have asked that question . . . But now we find ourselves in an age of, well to put it mildly, moral despair. Last week, in a Phi Beta Kappa lecture, University of Virginia Professor Roger Shattuck tackled some of the 20th century theories and questions that have arisen in literature. His lecture was entitled, "The Literature of Existence: How do we know that we are Alive?"

Shattuck began his lecture by examining the writings of a person considered to be an existential phenomenon: Helen Keller. Keller wrote extensively about her life, including the years before she realized she existed. She wrote, "Before my tutor came to me I did not know that I am. . . an unconscious yet conscious time of nothingness. I did not know that I knew aught or that I lived or acted or desired." For philosophers of existence, Helen Keller's words are proof of positive that there is, in fact, a time when the human mind is completely blind to the concept of existing. There is absolutely no concept of creative capacity, or of a mind-body relationship.

In another essay, Helen Keller explains the moment her soul awakened, when she realized that she was feeling "water" on her hands and at the same time, a word existed for that sensation of "water." "There was a strange, strange stir within me, a misty consciousness, a sense of something remembered. It was as if I had come back to life after being dead. Sweet strange things that were locked up in my heart began to sing." Helen Keller, at this moment, realized, or began to realize, her full existence, intellectually, sensually, fully. Shattuck asserted that because there was a time when Helen Keller had no sense of life or death, the conviction that we are alive is something we all earn and learn through our senses. Unlike Helen Keller, however, most of us learn that we are alive very early in life because we are gifted with the immediate sensations of sight and sound from birth.

everything we do in our daily lives make us physically aware and alive, regardless of ambiguous morals

From here, Shattuck proceeded to examine different philosophers' ideas about existence in the 20th century, beginning with Sartre and Camus. Sartre's *La Nausée* theorized that existence is something to achieve; it is not something to be taken for granted. Mersault, the protagonist in Camus' *L'Etranger*, "needs to find ways to continue existing. He needs to keep his fingers caught in some forms of existence," Shattuck explained. The decline of morals forced people to search for different ways to affirm existence and meaning in life. One certain way to realize existence was through the senses, through physical activity, echoing back to Helen Keller's "soul sense."

(continued on page 12)

Centre Stage:

Alex Draper on Art and Life

This week will begin a series of interviews with student artists and performers, in order to better acquaint the Middlebury community with those people whose talent has been exhibited on stage, canvas, film and in writing. This week we spoke with Alex Draper, who has appeared in Middlebury productions of "Cloud Nine," "Serenading Louie," "No End of Blame," "Crimes of the Heart," "Orphans," "Big Boys in High Places," "Something About the Accent," "Wordplay," "Getting Out," and most recently, "After Magritte" and "The Real Inspector Hound."

By Lisa Piteo

Lisa Piteo: First of all, where is home for you?

Alex Draper: Right now, it's pretty much here. Well, my dad is from Paris and my mom lives in Virginia, so right before I enrolled here, I was living in France.

LP: You have a joint major; one half is theatre, what's the other?

AD: English.

LP: And you're a senior?

AD: This will be, all in all, the fourth year I've been coming here, but this is actually the beginning of my third year as far as semesters go. I came as a February freshman, so the class of February freshmen that I came in with will be graduating next winter.

LP: What sparked your interest in theatre?

AD: I don't know — a lot of things. My mom was a really good actress when she was younger, and she stopped to marry my dad, but kept on doing some theatre on the side the whole time. My dad was in the foreign service so we grew up in all these different countries and my mom usually did theatre there. Having five kids, she sort of used us to fill in all kinds of gaps and to other, smaller jobs related to getting plays up. So it wasn't even necessarily a voluntary thing until I was about twelve — and then I didn't do it at all for about six years. When I went back to finish high school in France, I started acting again there and kept it up straight through.

LP: Approximately how many plays have you done here at Middlebury?

AD: It's somewhere around 11 or 12.

LP: Which one was the most fun for you?

AD: One of the ones that I enjoyed doing the most — not necessarily because I thought I did the best in it — was "Orphans" because it was pretty much Jonathan [Higgins], Rob [Gladding] and myself. It was really hard, but really fun. So that one, I guess, pulls ahead by a very small margin.

LP: In which play, by your standards, did you give your best performance?

AD: I think, because of the size of the role, it was "No End of Blame." That was the hardest and so, in that sense, it was the most rewarding.

LP: Is Jonathan [Higgins] your favorite person to work with?

AD: He's right up there. Definitely. It was really nice to be able to work with him again in "Serenading Louie" and "No End of Blame" all in the same year as "Orphans." As far as male actors go, he's the one I've worked with the most.

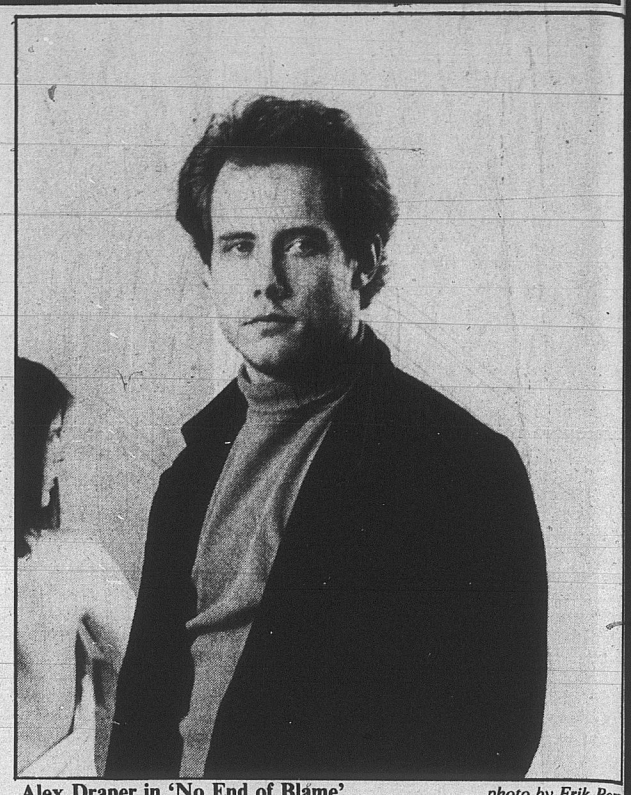
LP: Do you have any thoughts on the Potomac Theatre Project you did this past summer?

if I have the tenacity to last ten years of trying, I think I probably will make it as an actor. I just hope that I do

AD; It was a great experience. It was funny, because when we got back here we had to relate so much it got almost dreary. But it was rewarding on all kinds of levels. I was really lucky to have been able to play the roles I played, so that made it all the more exciting. Even though it wasn't completely professional in the sense we weren't up there auditioning with hundreds of people, once you were there the work mode was professional and that makes a big difference.

LP: Do you feel that there is a professional mode here on campus?

AD: The difference in the level of production now, between "Sally and Marsha" and "The Dining Room," compared to the level of production of the plays when I first came here to the Zoo . . . there's a big difference. It seems that there's a lot more support for it now.



Alex Draper in 'No End of Blame' *photo by Erik Borg*

LP: Do you ever get compliments or criticisms from anyone you don't know?

AD: Probably for about two weeks after shows there are people who give you all kinds of opinions on what they thought — good or bad.

LP: And do you appreciate that?

AD: Yeah, I appreciate it. I mean, I inevitably appreciate it when it's good, and I tend to be defensive when it's bad.

But it depends on who it's coming from. If it's someone whose opinion I respect then it becomes helpful criticism. All of the department people definitely give you their point of view — but that's pretty much what we're here for, so you can't get all worked up about it.

LP: Would you call yourself an actor?

AD: That's difficult. I used to have a lot of reservations about that because I didn't know. I still do. It's so different here from when I graduate. Hopefully, by the time I graduate, I'll be totally comfortable with caling myself an actor.

LP: Do you think you'll do more with your theatre or your English major?

AD: Hopefully more with my theatre major. That's what I say know, but this is all still in the air. I'll probably give ten years to try and "make it," whatever that means. If I have the tenacity to last ten years, I think I probably will make it as an actor. I just hope that I do; I hope that I don't become depressed and decide that I want something more stable or more lucrative. But, if I do make that choice, then the English major will probably be more useful.

LP: So you do have a plan for the future?

AD: Yeah, It's a little vague, but it's a plan. There was a time when I considered dropping college altogether and jumping right in. My father had a lot to do with convincing me that that wasn't a very good idea.

LP: Are you interested in any other aspects of the theatre — directing, producing?

AD: Not really. I took a screenplay writing course last year, and wasn't very good at it. I wrote one play in high school that's not very good; I'm taking directing now and, no matter how much Richard [Romagnoli] emphasizes the fact that we have to consider this as a course in directing, the focus for me is inevitably much more as an actor than as a director. And I just don't get the same rush — or I haven't yet — out of directing as I do out of acting.

LP: When you go to see a play, after being on stage, do you find yourself analyzing, saying, "I would have done this or that"?

AD: Only to the extent that you start to notice some of the technical stuff more than, I assume, maybe someone who doesn't study theatre. So that means that you can go to a play and be incredibly impressed by just the pure

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Students prepare for their performances this weekend. *photo by Erik Borg*

Fall performances of student choreography

By Isabelle Bleecker

On Friday, November 20 and Saturday November 21, McCullough Gym will be the stage of the fall performance of student choreography. The pieces presented will be the product of a semester of work by students in TH260, TH360, and TH161 in addition to a piece done by guest choreographer, Patty Smith. The program ranges from snappy jazz ensembles to lyrical blues and surrealistic shape studies created by Beth Canavan, Susanna Green, Eliza Wilson, Caleb Barber and Kathleen Brigham to name but a few. The concert begins at 8PM; admission is free, though seating is limited.

THEATRE REVIEW:

Mixed reviews for *Jenkin's Ear*

By India Hixon

Maybe it was all of the publicity for the November 13 Central American Symposium, or perhaps it's just that everyone seems so concerned with the politics of Central America today. But on November 12, I went to see *Jenkin's Ear*, the American premiere of a new play by Dusty Hughes, directed by Richard Romagnoli. Assuming that the interest of the rest of the world was the playwright's interest as well, I was expecting to see yet another heated debate on the subject of Central American politics. The play, however, is not Central American politics; that is only the backdrop for what could be more accurately called a piece on journalistic ethics.

I wish I had known this during the play. The distinction is not made clear until the last scene; until then I was trying to follow the very understated political tact. Interestingly enough, events are seen from the British, not the American point of view — something to which we are not accustomed and find difficult to grasp. A good lead into this play might have been all I needed to steer through it intelligently.

The playwright, who attended many of the rehearsals himself, even used the device of a character stepping out of the play and addressing the audience directly. But rather than telling us anything important to an understanding of the play, retired journalist, Bill Jenkins, played by Equity Actor Robert Emmet, only gave us a plot summary of the abduction of Mary Tenant — a middle-aged British philanthropist, and Jenkin's former lover.

Much of the play hinges on the supposed death of Mary Tenant. Bill Jenkin returns to this Central American country not as a journalist, but to see her again. The investigation of her death is central to the play and revolves around who killed her and why, rather than whether or not she has actually been murdered. Don't you suppose the playwright might raise this last question at some point during the play? But no one does, because, in fact, she is not dead and it is crucial to her safety that only Father Rigoberto, played by Govind Menon, and Dr. Grace Suarez, played by Sybil McCarthy, know this.

However, the deliberate concealment of this information from the audience as well as all the other characters seemes contrived and unnecessary. By the time you finally find out that Mary Tenant is alive, you had either suspected it all along, or thought you had missed a reference to that possibility somewhere earlier along in the play. In either case, the information is no longer crucial at that point.

The time sequence of the scenes was difficult to follow and made the play disjointed and elusive. The description of the setting of the play that appeared in the program had to be read over several times to be understood, since it contained much of what should have been explained to us on stage: "A Central American country, north of Nicaragua All the other scenes are flashbacks moving forward in time from the week before to the morning of the meeting in the church."

Bill Jenkin is the character who links these flashbacks together; but instead of telling us something to help us through the maze of flashbacks, Jenkin simply repeats (among other unilluminating facts) that the men they saw dragging away Mary Tenant were wearing white shirts.

Perhaps this is a comment on the inadequacy of journalism: often the public is given no more than a series of relatively unimportant details that don't add up to a description of the whole event. However, from a play on the ethics and inadequacies of journalism, one expects more than the incomplete picture so often delivered by mediocre journalistic coverage.

What this play leaves you with is the desire to go deeper: past the backdrop of Central American politics in which the action of this play takes place, past the stereotyped characters of the Indians losing their culture, the Ambassadors beating around the bush, the empty affairs between men and women, past the sensationalism of a good journalistic piece to a better understanding of the individual hardships experienced under such a regime.

The last scene of the play, in my opinion the best, sincerely grapples with the emotions of the two journalists on stage. The audience is faced with a powerful irony in that the young journalist, played by Jonathan Higgins, knows that he is sacrificing the lives of three friends, while the old journalist (Jenkin) knows that he is sacrificing the life of the young journalist.

In the London version of "Jenkin's Ear," this final scene finished with the sound of machine gun fire and a car crash. Richard Romagnoli left this to the imagination of his audience. It seemed that there should have been more in the script at this point, now that the actors had my complete attention.

Richard Romagnoli's ending brought the theme of journalism into a new light. Several Central American women, dressed in black for mourning, sitting in candle light and displaying signs that described the plight of their families and their people under this regime, were engaging in a form of journalism as well.

Theirs was a personal advertisement of events that have no appeal and hold no interest, as the young journalist put it, for the outside world; they seek to impress upon us that we, the British public, the American public, have missed the point entirely here. It is not how Mary Tenant died and why, which by the way she didn't, but that she and many other innocent people in Central American countries "north of Nicaragua" are being killed by their regime to begin with.

The inconsistancies of the play were assuaged by good acting, live music, and ingenuous scenic design. Govind Menon was convincing and lively in his role of the Catholic priest/poet, and both he and Sybil McCarthy delivered their lines in Spanish with ease. Jonathan Higgins and Solange Weinberger had to maintain English accents, in which they could have been a bit more consistent. But

(continued on page 13)

CAST

Bill Jenkin	*Robert Emmet**
Rigoberto	*Govind Menon*
Foster	*Jonathan Higgins*
Buchanan	*Loring Robbins*
Fleur Buchanan	*Solange Weinberger*
Ruiz	*Claudio Medeiros*
Grace Suarez	*Sybil McCarthy*
Nora	*Valerie Mannucci*
Kate Zwimmer	*Elizabeth Dewey*
Dancer	*Valerie Remy*
Indians	*Valerie Mannucci, Tomasz Grabski*
Bodyguard	*Gerry McDermott*

*Actors Equity Association

STAFF AND CREW

Designer	*Chandler A. Potter*
Technical Supervisor	*Dick Forman*
Assist. Technical Director	*David Zemmels*
Costume Assist.	*Annmarie Davis*
Stage Manager	*Pam Freeman*
Assit. to the Director	*Gerry McDermott*
Original Music by	*Michael Chorney, Ron Rost, Cameron O'Brien*
Dance choreographed by	*Penny Campbell*

file photo

Piano and Strings

Hailed coast-to-coast for its glorious performances of piano quartet literature, the Los Angeles Piano Quartet will give a performance at Middlebury College on Saturday, Nov. 21 at 8 p.m. in Mead Chapel.

Founded in 1977 with the express encouragement of Neville Marriner, the Quartet made its debut at the Music Center in Los Angeles. They have subsequently gained recognition as a major force in the American chamber music scene. Recent seasons have brought highly acclaimed performances in most of the major United States cities, as well as the Bermuda and Carmel Beach festivals.

Highlights of the group's '86-'87 appearances include a return engagement with the Phoenix Chamber Music Society, and Minnesota Public Radio's "Saint Paul Sunday Morning." In July of 1986 the Quartet made its European debut at the Cheltenham International Music Festival. The Quartet recently recorded the Brahms G Minor Piano Quartet for Klavier Records.

The members of the Los Angeles Piano Quartet have extensive credentials as solo performers and teachers. Pianist James Bonn has appeared with numerous orchestras and under the batons of such conductors as Dorati, Fiedler and Dennis Russell Davies. In addition to his performing career, Mr. Bonn is professor of music at the University of Southern California.

Violinist Joseph Genualdi is a former member of the Muir String Quartet and a frequent participant at the Marlboro Festival. Mr. Genualdi is a faculty member at California State University at Northridge.

Violist Ronald Copes, a professor at the University of California at Santa Barbara, has been heard with Music from Marlboro and on Columbia Records.

Cellist Peter Rejto, winner of the International Young Concert Artists Award, has appeared in recital at the Metropolitan Museum of Art and the 92nd Street Y in New York City. Mr. Rejto is on the faculty at California State University at Northridge.

The special musical identity of the Los Angeles Piano Quartet is a result of the members' unusual rapport as musicians and friends. Their outstanding musical expertise and dedication to "the rare art of piano and strings" marks the Quartet as one of the country's top chamber ensembles.

Chamber Music Concert

The Middlebury College Chamber Orchestra will present its fall concert on Sunday, Nov. 22 at 4 p.m. in Mead Chapel on the campus. Under the direction of Professor of Music Gary Vitercik, the program will feature "Ballad for String Orchestra" by Cowell, Symphony no. 24 in A major by Haydn, and Concerto Grosso Op. 6, no. 8 by Corelli.

Henry Cowell began his musical career as one of the most adventurous of American composers, exploring and codifying new rhythmic, harmonic and instrumental resources. His "Ballad for String Orchestra," composed between 1946 and 1954, is considered a wonderful example of the straightforward expressive clarity of much American music of its time.

Haydn's Symphony no. 24 (1764) dates from Haydn's first years as Kappelmeister to the Esterhazy family, a position he held from 1761 until 1791. His orchestra consisted of perhaps no more than ten or fifteen players, and the symphonies he wrote for them are "miracles of orchestral fantasy." Symphony no. 24 is a good example of his work during this period.

The Concerto Grossi, or "Christmas" Concerto by Corelli, was written over a relatively long period of time, during the late 1600s through early 1700s. The identification of this work with Christmas arises from the pastoral style of the last movement, a gently rocking cradle song that recalls the music played in the Roman streets by shepherds at Christmas. The work was probably originally performed during a Christmas festival at the Vatican Palace. The Sunday performace of the Concerto will feature soloists Deborah Hicks on violin, Laurie Bowman on violin, Martha Breunig on cello, and Emory Fanning on Continuo.

Other members of the Chamber Orchestra are Kim Bennett, flute; Judith Wright, oboe; John Brainerd and Suzanne Chambers, horn; Kathryn Dobyns, first violin; Jennifer Poinier, Elizabeth Hayes and Elizabeth Cronin, second violin; Wendy Falconer and Pat Kervick, viola; Martha Breunig, cello; and Matthew Schneider, bass.

The public is cordially invited to attend the concert.

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ALBUM REVIEW:

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Tunnel of Love Signals change in Springsteen Style

By Andrew Biggs

On his first album of new music in three years, Bruce does what a lot of his longtime fans had thought (and perhaps hoped) he would do. It would seem that Mr. Springsteen has tired of having legions of thirteen year-old MTV-watching girls as his fans.

He has always been a man of substance, and as much as we all worshipped *Born in the USA* and the subsequent tour, many who had followed Bruce for a while recognized it as being a lesser effort. Although it firmly established him as Captain America and, probably, the richest man in the universe, but was lacking in consistent emotional content. It was a great party album, but a lot of us wanted something more.

On *Tunnel of Love* Bruce Springsteen gives us more, whether we want it or not. The new collection of twelve songs is heavier and more sober than anything he has done before. Many people have wondered whether international fame and marriage have changed Sprinsteen. They have, but hardly in the way that had been foreseen.

In many ways he has settled down (there's nothing danceable on this album), but his restlessness seems to continue. This is not a collection of love songs but of searching, and often bitter ones that seem to express a belief that there is no real escape from our problems — that adulthood isn't the answer to adolescence.

This is a far cry from the songs on *Born in the USA*, and even further from the rebellious but optomistic young man, busting out to make a life for himself, that Springsteen portrayed on 1975's *Born to Run*. Springsteen seems to be telling us that life isn't as simple as we all had once thought it to be.

On the first listen *Tunnel of Love* is a very un-Springsteenish, and ultimately very unsatisfying album. *Tunnel of Love*, the catchiest and most upbeat song on the album, contains the closing line "you've got to learn to live with what you can't rise above, if you want to ride on down in through this tunnel of love."

This album doesn't deal with girls and the old Chevy sitting in the driveway; rather, Springsteen is talking about life. It seems that just as Springsteen is achieving all that he could ever hope for that he has become less and less satisfied with what it brings him.

This theme is present in the title song and is repeated throughout the album. In addition, while the lyrics are very good, the cleverness and sense of humor that have characterized many of Springsteen's lighter songs are not present. Springsteen is simply telling it like it is, and doesn't seem to want to make the medecine go down any easier.

Springsteen is simply telling it like it is and doesn't seem to want the medicine to go down any easier.

On most of the songs the legendary E Street Band is not to be heard. Springsteen has played most of the instruments on this album by himself, which emphasizes its highly personal nature. There is little of the characteristic Sprinsteen guitar, and he experiments with synthesizers much more than he ever has before, putting them in almost every song. It will be very interesting to see how the new songs translate to the stage, whether the Springsteen live magic can make them interesting to a young audience looking for escapism, not bitter reality.

Tunnel of Love is certainly Springsteen's least accessible work, a signal that he is changing and that his audience will have to change with him. It is not cheerful, and less optomistic than any of his previous work, save the bitter *Nebraska*. All this considered though, it does grow on you. I think it may take longer to appreciate this than any of his other work, but he also seems to be saying so much more.

MOVIE REVIEW:

Drugs and decadence in Beverly Hills

By Ann Calfas

It is hard to know where to begin, so I guess I'll begin at the beginning. My first encounter with the quasi-literary work of Brett Easton Ellis was, ironically enough, (for those of you who have read *Less Than Zero*) during my return home, to Los Angeles. It was Christmas vacation of my freshman year at a small college in Vermont. Wow, what a coincidence — well, the similarities between Clay, the book's protagonist, and myself end, thankfully, there.

I was depressed by both the scathing portrayal of Southern California's youth and the fact that Ellis was making big bucks off something that would strain to pass muster in a Freshman-writing course. His book seemed to revolve around the questionable metaphor that "people in Los Angeles are afraid to merge on the freeways" to which I have two responses: 1) Wow, heavy dude. and 2) Of course they are because if you cut the wrong person off . . . you get shot!

But seriously, the book was shocking to many people and taken, unfortunately, as a truthful outcry from a lost generation. I find it disturbing yet difficult to believe the ugly reality that *Less Than Zero*, the book, presented — life as a mindless cycle of drug abuse, sexual violence, and prostitution all within the context of opulent wealth in Beverly Hills. The movie weeds out most of the painfully gruesome incidents and presents a Hollywood-ized version of the book.

Its writers obviously attempted to give some evidence of a soul to Clay, played by Andrew McCarthy. On returning to Los Angeles from the East, he bypasses the blizzard of cocaine that has wholly consumed his ex-girlfriend, Blair, and best friend Julian, played by Jami Gertz and Robert Downey, Jr.

Somewhere between text and screen Clay appears to have lost his bisexual tendencies and gained a sense of vulnerability, achieved mainly by those ever-moistening eyes of Andrew McCarthy. Clay seemed to be a little artificial in his immunity to "the scene" (meaning catatonic milling around and near-surgical attachment to one's personal vial) but nevertheless, he has at risen somewhat above it all in his Eastern migration.

The movie actually becomes less of an account of Clay's confused re-entry as it is the tragic evolution of his friend Julian from smiling high-school graduate, to junkie, to prostitute, to corpse. Portrayed grippingly by Robert Downey (who I forgive completely for his participation in *The Pick-Up Artist*), Julian is the heart-breaker in this movie.

The son of an enormously wealthy, utterly cold father, he is a consummate failure in every attempt to make money, and uses every means necessary to supply the constant flow of coke that has taken over his life. Deep in debt to his dealer, Rip (played by James Spader), Julian is forced into the degradation of prostituition to support his habit and we witness the sad progression of his physical and mental decay. James Spader, I should mention, is an excellent actor, though unluckily under-utilized in this role. I think he should have taken over for Andrew McCarthy in the main role, but that's just me.

Jami Gertz plays Blair, another victim of a non-existent ultra-wealthy family. She is a part-time model and coke addict with a great fashion sense and ten-word vocabulary. Blair is the main representative of the female gender, with the addition of a few friends who stand around looking gorgeous, giggle, and throw out an occasional comment.

the movie weeds out most of the painfully gruesome incidents and gives the Hollywood-ized version of the book

One prime example: Traci (I made up the name) gets a nose bleed and then laughs and says "Rusty Pipes!" Sorry, I just blew the best line in the movie, I can't wholly condemn the ridiculously simple dialogue, though, because I think part of the point here is that — in these lives — the only memorable lines are found on mirrors.

As you have probably guessed, I am thoroughly biased and therefore I thought I would get some outside input. Katie Olsen '89 found the movie "shocking, scary, and intense" and was visably disturbed by Robert Downey's use of eyeliner. Amy Smith '89 found it to be a "frightening eye-opener" and yet another junior, who asked to remain anonymous said simply, "SICK FLICK". He later elaborated with, "Those lives were as hideously wasted as I was last Friday night." Well, there you have it — not exactly widespread praise, but not utter disgust.

You might be wondering, after all of this, if *Less Than Zero*, credible or not, is a good movie. The production and cinematography were pretty much in the MTV maximum visual-input mode. The music wasn't bad, but a sound track is definitely not in order.

I think the main strength of this venture is its realistically ugly portrayal of drug abuse. It's one thing to say, "Just Say No," but it is quite powerful to show a young, attractive, witty guy who gets in way over his head and DIES. That stinks. *Less Than Zero* is pretty glitzy and definitely depressing, an improvement on the book (that's rare!) and worth watching (barely).

Finally, let me just say that if this movie, coupled with last week's wonderfully trashy mini-series "The Billionaire Boy's Club," and our recent mega-quake has the effect of prejudicing anyone against Southern California and discourages any Westward migration — GOOD! It's too crowded already!

Orcutt...

(continued from page 10)

Shattuck also discussed some of the musings of the "parapetics," or "walking philosophers" — Rousseau, Wordsworth, and even Nietszche who said, "Only thoughts revealed by walking can have value." Again, the senses participate actively in the intellectual existence.

At the end of the lecture, Shattuck came to this conclusion: we have to learn that we are alive before we can learn we will die. Everything we do in our daily lives — walking, dancing, smoking, breathing — all these actions make us physically aware and alive, regardless of ambiguous morals. The way to reach the spiritual is through the physical.

Shattuck ended with: "Today, the notion of existence is so fragile. Tactual, musical, rhythmical sensations are more immediate. They are an elaborate way of pinching ourselves to find our existence, not our essence."

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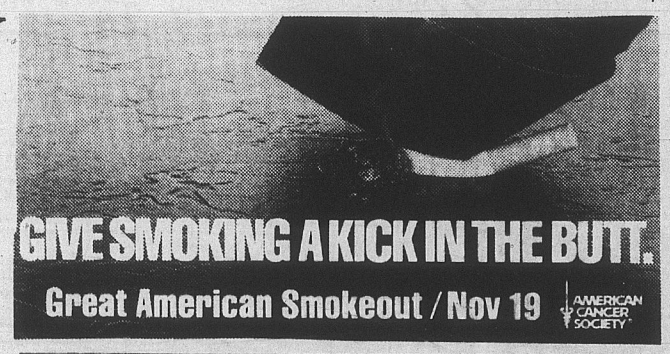

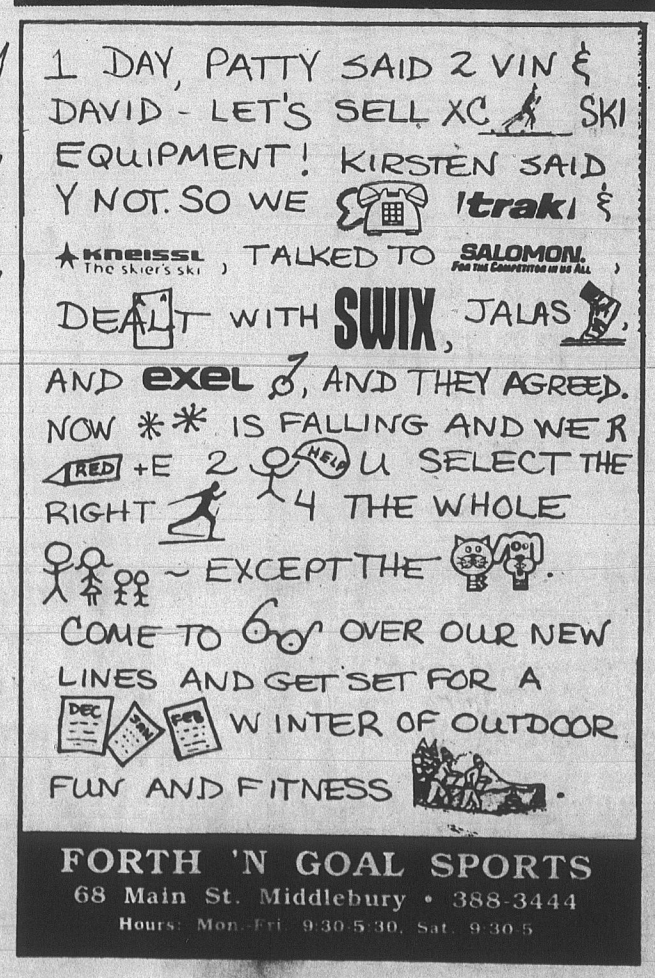
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Draper...

(continued from page 10)

chnical side of it. Not just e technical side of the ac-ng, but of the whole produc-on. That can make a ediocre play totally en-yable. But a good play, I on't know if I enjoy it any ore than anyone else.

LP: Are you ever issatisfied with acting, and an you perhaps explain hy?

AD: One play, I just wasn't appy with the work I did — t all. That made the whole xperience very difficult — ot necessarily bad, but it asn't totally pleasant. It got the point where I just refus-d to make the last step I eeded to make, for whatever easons — because I was fraid, or whatever. That eant that the project as a hole wasn't as fulfilling as omething where you feel like ou've given it everything ou could.

LP: How do you feel about he one you just did [Tom toppard's "After Magritte" nd "The Real Inspector ound"]?

AD: I feel really good about . I was really scared. I had ever done full-fledged com-dy, especially that kind, here it's really technical. When you're doing comedy, it nakes a big difference to ave the audience there, ecause you can tell im-ediately whether it's work-ng or not.

LP: Last year, do you feel ou were stereotyped in any articular role?

AD: I played a lot of roles in uits last year.

LP: With briefcases.

AD: Yeah, with briefcases. hat might be a stereotype. I hink, in general, I play older haracters because of my, ou know, my receding airline. I didn't think it was o much "stereotyping" ecause that has more to do ith the character than what e wears. They weren't all of he same mold.

LP: Is there a role that ou've always wanted to play nd haven't yet, or a play hat you've always wanted to e in?

AD: I should actually find ne, because I don't. There re times when I read a play nd really like one of the haracters, and would really ike to play it. But there's real-y not one that I cherish, that I hope one day to play and that will be the realization of some kind of dream. But I should find one because that's a good thing to have.

LP: How important is your audience to you?

AD: My audience? The audience? It's vital. No, it's not vital, it's ... hopefully when you're acting, you aren't constantly aware of the audience. You shouldn't be. But at the same time, if there's no audience, there's kind of no point. It's definitely not just for the sake of acting. Acting alone in a room isn't quite as good.

LP: What would be the most important part of the performance for you?

AD: The most important element of it? Obviously, on one level, it's all of it put together. It's almost the play more than anything else. If you have a bad play and a really good audience, that doesn't necessarily do it; if you have a bad play, a really good audience and really good actors, those don't necessarily do it either; if you have a really, really good play, mediocre actors and a bad audience, it can still be good overall.

there are times when you can't just contain what you're doing, the person you're playing, or rehearsing to become. It's a matter of not being able to leave it behind

LP: Will you be doing anything else this year?

AD; Not that I know of now.

LP: How much of you goes into a character?

AD: That's really hard to tell. I assume, I hope a lot.

LP: I would assume that experience would have a lot to do with how you well you could do a part. Experience in your own life.

AD: It depends on the part, but yeah. That's the thing. I'm not trained in a lot of characters. That could be a bad thing, because it could just be the same person saying different lines in different situations, different language, wearing different clothes. But the different language, different situation and different clothes does a lot of it for you. So in that sense it's still you; you're just saying what needs ... It's not a very good answer ...

LP: So you don't think you would ever really get lost in a part then?

AD: Well, there are times when you can't just contain what you're doing, the person you're playing or rehearsing to become. The one play I mentioned earlier, where I felt that I didn't do as much as I should have, that play also involved carrying what was going on in the play outside of the rehearsal space and that was very awkward and tense. That isn't very good — especially not here. That was another thing about the Potomac Theatre Project: you realized that professional actors are, and have to be, protected against that because you just don't hang out with everyone in the cast 24 hours a day. So it's not so much getting lost, it's just a matter of not being able to leave it all behind.

LP: Do you think you English studies suffer because of the theatre?

AD: My advisor does. I think, if I wasn't a joint theatre-English major, I would be a full English major. But if I was a full English major, with the number of plays I do here, it would suffer more. That's kind of a round-a-bout way ... But that's why I'm a joint major. I'm not an English scholar and I don't want to spend the amount of time it takes to be a full English major and do well at it. I guess being a joint major is a way of making sure that my English studies don't suffer as much. But they do inevitably. Right now I think I,m at least a month behind.

LP: If there was one question that you would have wanted me to ask you so that everyone knows the answer to that question, can you think of one? I mean, this is about you and people are going to read this. Is there anything I didn't ask that you'd like people to know?

AD: No.

Dancing guitar music hits Middlebury

By Social Migrants

What is the Black Cow Cafe? An exciting new venue for 'underground' music. A place where all walks of campus life can experience live new music in an urban club atmosphere. You no longer have to road trip to Boston or New York. No trekking up to Burlington. It is right here at Middlebury College at the converted Cook SDU.

The Black Cow Cafe kicks off its 1987-88 concert season on Saturday, November 21,1987 at 9:15 pm with the onslaught of 'Broc Rock' from **Screaming Broccoli** and the **Hollywood Indians**. These Burlington defenders of the garage aesthetic represent the rock and roll art form at its simple, most ebulliant best.

From their thrash and burn cover of 'Eleanor Rigby' to personal favorites, 'Billy and 'Billy Bob,' to the irreverent number, 'Let's Bury Mom,' our outrageous gyrators are considered as two of the most electrifying acts. Their new albums, *Screaming Broccoli* and the Indian's *Lock Up the Dog* offer enough spunk and style to keep you guessing.

Possible coming attractions to the Black Cow Cafe include **Scruffy the Cat**, **Sonic Youth**, and **Camper Van Beethoven**. So hazard an excursion into Middlebury's newly discovered alternative. Below the cold, concrete ceiling engage in heated epileptic

The Hollywood Indians *file photo*

Screaming Broccoli

fits with your dance partner. Admission is only $2.00 for those 17 years and over and, of course, proper ID is required if you would like to imbibe. Tickets are on sale now and at the door the night of the show.

Fun, dance, and energy. **Screaming Broccoli** and the **Hollywood Indians** at the Black Cow Cafe — the only real escape from rural Vermont ... this weekend.

Jenkin's Ear

(continued from page 11)

Jonathan Higgins was endearing, especially with his makeshift Spanish, and Solange Weinberger did a good job with what was probably the play's most interesting role.

Elizabeth Dewey played the extremely artificial character of the American Ambassador with a lot of humor and life. Working with Equity Actor Robert Emmet and playwright Dusty Hughes must have created a more professional and pressurized atmosphere that these Middlebury actors are accustomed to, but they proved that they could easily meet this level of professionalism in their acting.

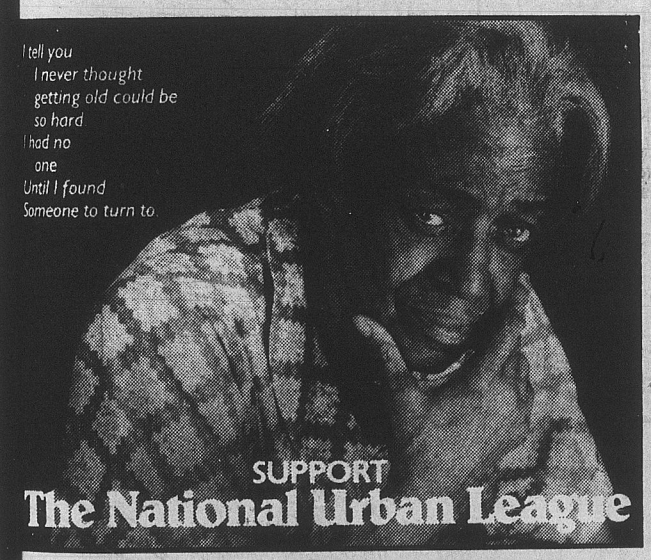
The instrumental music of Michael Chorney, Ron Rost and Cameron O'Brien, some of the members of the band Sundog, underscored the entire play. They improvised to what was happening on stage and effectively tied the scenes together by playing during the frequent set changes.

The constantly changing set, designed by Chandler A. Potter and built by his theatre design class, was in keeping with the rapid exits and entrances of the actors and the alinear logic of the play. The large crew that maneuvered the set was efficient and well choreographed.

I do wonder whether the complicated set detracted somewhat from the acting and from the play itself. Perhaps it would have been effective to give the play the unity of one stage set. Fragmentation is something it already had in abundance.

WRMC Programming Schedule, Fall 1987

	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday	Sunday
7:00		The Morning Show				Folk Greg Western James Feagin	Jazz Cheryl Dwyer
9:00	Pam Smith	Folk in the Morning Kurt Broderson	Allison Looney Wendy White	Mary Beth Sutter Shaun Miller	Rock Gerry McDermott	Folk Nelda Holder	Jazz Dianne Klein Juliet Samson
10:30 11:00	Jeff Benson	Folk in the Morning Theresa O'Laughlin	Theo Padrios	Gaelen Benway	Rock Triel Culver	Rock Dean Garfield	Chapel
12:00 1:00	Maggie Wilkinson	The Afternoon Classical Concert, Part I Jan Gray	Matthew Reed	Mike Calligros	Rock Mark Dimond	Rock Will Bentley	Jazz Beth Lasell
2:30	Karen Ford John Rice	The Afternoon Classical Concert, Part II Victoria Vittorio Jen Harris	Tammy Taylor	Lenny Geiger	Rock Unknown Pleasures with Chris Cahill	Rock Rod Prudencio	Jazz Nigel Henry
5pm		News and Special Productions			Rock Tom Behrens	Rock DeVore/Rickers	Jazz Sue Duncan
7pm 8pm	Diana Stuart	Jazz in the Evening Randy Kapelke	Rich Anderson	David Toman	Rock Matt Pakos	Rock Todd Stanley	Sportstalk
9pm	Rock Harmonic Convergence Ian Williams	Rock Talking Liberties M. Obel-Omia	Rock Funky Phil Simonides	Rock Tim Farrell	Rock Rock in a Hard Place	Rock Scott Schleifer	Rock Blasts
11pm 1am	Rock Claire Ryan	Rock Randolph B. Randolph	Rock Brett Rose	Rock Henken/Knab	Rock Ed Seidel	Rock Andy Merlis	Rock John Kolvenbach
3am	Rock Tom Meyer	Rock Rhythm Devils Cook/Hoskins	Rock Saliba/Nelson	Rock Caroline Berry	Rock Sean Fergusen	Rock Seth Richardson	Rock Maxwell/Durland
5am	Tom H.	Graveyard New DJ shifts Eric Rosen	Steve Hanna	Todd Stone Tom Crowell	Chip Hart	Tom Rauch	Sean Mattie
7 am	Irene McDonnell Wendy Williams	Graveyard New DJ shifts Jen Kelley	Brian Young	Andy Neslik	Amy Leith Maureen Beabout	Johannes Emharth	Steve Long



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Nien Cheng, author of 'Life and Death in Shanghai'

BOOK REVIEW:

Cheng salutes the strength and dignity of human spirit

By Tamara Taylor

The emotion my first experience of a "struggle meeting" generated in me was one of disgust and shame that such an act of barbarism against a fellow human being could have taken place in my beloved native land, with a history of five thousand years of civilization. As a Chinese, I felt degraded.

At the height of the Cultural Revolution in Mao Tse Tung's China, struggle sessions were a popular way of forcing aristocrats, teachers, and people with foreign connections to confess (usually falsely) that they had opposed Mao's Communism, but wished to be 'rehabilitated' back into life as good Chinese citizens.

Struggle sessions were usually organized locally and lead by a party member, while the struggler's peers chanted abusive slogans at the victim. As Cheng remembers: "The scope and degree of the criticism was, I knew, always set by the Party official. It was just as ill advised to try to be original and say something different as not to criticize enough. The Chinese people had learned by experience that the Party trusted them more and liked them better if they didn't think for themselves but just repeated what the Party told them."

Cheng survived three public struggle sessions and countless private interrogations which are all recounted in her first novel *Life and Death in Shanghai* (Grove Press). *Life and Death in Shanghai* is not just about the violence and courage of one woman withstanding the terror of the Cultural Revolution. Rather, it is an intriguing autobiography that with sharp wit and keen insight educates the reader in the policies, tribulations and philosophies of both the Chinese Communist Party and the common Chinese.

Cheng begins with the night before she is taken for her first struggle session and recounts the days when she and her late husband were managers for the British company, Shell Oil (one of the few companies that were approved to stay in her operation under the Communist regime). At this first struggle session she is surprised to find that the higher ranking Chinese administrators that worked for Shell in Shanghai were being persecuted and forced to confess that they were really imperial spies for the British Secret Service. Many confessed; Cheng refused.

For, although it was true that the government liked to hear their words repeated verbatim (whether it was true or not really had no bearing), Cheng believed that her confession would be twisted and used to her disadvantage. "Once one starts confessing, they [the Communist Party] will demand more and more admissions of guilt, however false . . . In the end, one will get into a tangle of untruths from which one can no longer extract oneself. I have seen it happen to several people."

it's an intriguing autobiography that educates the reader in the policies, tribulations and philosophies of both the Chinese Communist Party and the common Chinese

As a consequence of her 'foreign connections,' Cheng's house is sacked and she is taken off to serve an 'undetermined sentence' at the Number One Detention house in Shanghai. Separated from her daughter Mei-ping and her friends, Cheng begins serving a seven-year term that is interspersed with interrogations, torture and abuse.

It is clear that it is her strength, insight, and quest for justice (at each interrogation she continues to ask for someone to clear up her case and when they do to print a Party apology in the papers — unheard of in China) are what helped her survive imprisonment and the chaos she found in the outside when she was released seven years later.

Her political comments are sharp and witty. At the time of the Cultural Revolution all of China was to read and study Mao Tse Tung's little red book of phrases. At one point during her imprisonment the guards came and collected the books. When the books were returned, six pages at the beginning (a good sized portion of the book written by a then-prominent Party official) were ripped out because, she was told, they had been written by a Party Radish, ie: red on the outside, white inside!

Cheng marvelled at how Party favor could swing so and that millions of Chinese by the act of ripping out his writing were to believe that the man never existed.

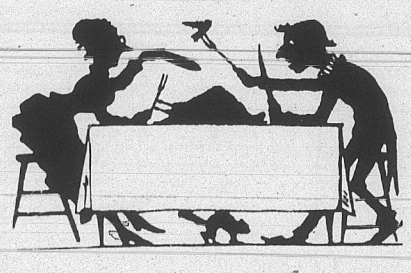
Cheng, although a native Chinese, was educated in the West and consequently wrote this book in English. This in no way hampers her narrative, in fact it enriches it, letting the reader privy to both colloquialism of English and Chinese. Her open-mindedness about China, the Communist Party, and the events leading up to and after the Cultural Revolution, make this an intelligent, interesting read. She neither defends nor condemns he captors and the many non-speaking, non-seeing, non-hearing Chinese for she knows that they too are caught up in a snowball effect of terror that none could foresee nor understand.

Whether you have little or no understanding of the events that occurred in China, or are a Chinese history scholar, this book will interest you. The author carefully unravels the mysteries of the Chinese Communist Party, Mao Tse Tung and the Gang of Four, recounting each in vivid and terrifying detail of how they came into power and the effect they had on her native land and its people.

Also very interesting are her comments of Deng Xiao Ping and how he survived the many pendulum swings of theory to become the leader of China until late in 1987.

Her subject is of universal importance. Such revolutions had occured before, from the time of the French Reign of Terror on. She gives an intelligent, compassionate look at the people caught up in a system that depends on hypocrisy and paranoia. At the same time it is a stunning look at the human spirit and its ability to rise against all uncertainty showing itself in a glory of strength, humor and dignity.

Happy Thanksgiving



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A Day in the Life

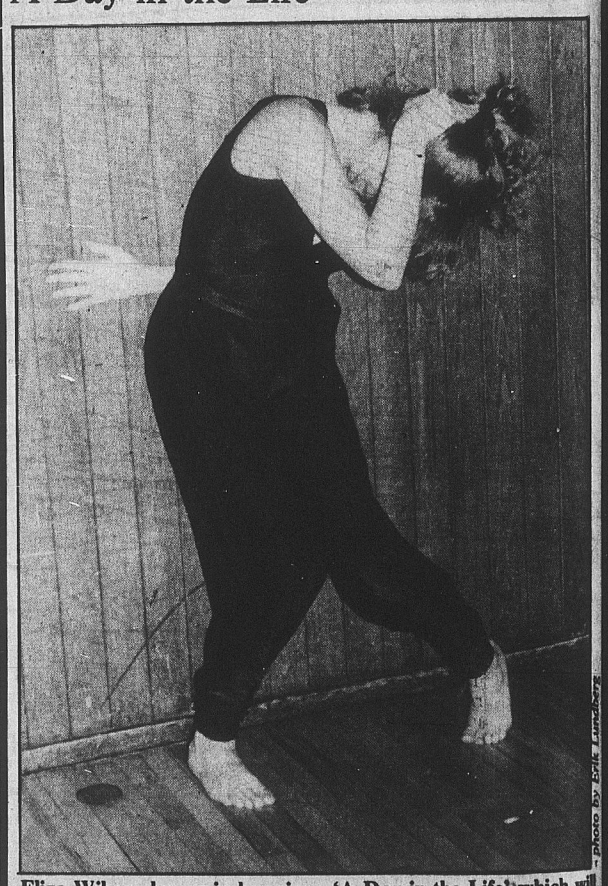


Photo by Erik Landsberg

Eliza Wilson dancer in her piece, 'A Day in the Life' which will be performed in McCullough Gym this Friday and Saturday

WRMC-FM 91.7 F.M.

SPECIAL PRODUCTIONS PRESENTS

MONDAY		TUESDAY	
Best of Broadway	5-6 p.m.	The German Show	5-6
Monday Night Blues	6-7 p.m.	Soundscape	6-7
WEDNESDAY		**THURSDAY**	
The French Show	5-6	The Chinese Show	5-6
Big Band Sound	5-6	Thursday Blues Hour	5-6

SPORTS

Men's soccer finishes strong, losing the championship 2-1 in overtime

By Rob Johnstone

Winning back to back titles has become a rare occurance in sports. To win a title, a team must have talent, they must avoid injuries, and they need some luck. The absence of any of these factors is enough to make the difference between a good season, and a great one.

Talent level is a controllable force. Through recruiting and coaching, a team can develop and maintain a high talent level. The factor of remaining injury free is not completely controllable, but there are steps that can be taken that effectively limit injuries. One of these steps is achieving a high fitness level.

A fit team is much less likely to have the physical, and mental breakdowns that occur in the final minutes of matches. It is these breakdowns that so often lead to injuries. The final factor, the factor of luck, is uncontrollable. In some seasons, the ball always seems to bounce the right way. In others, it seems it never does.

Last year, the soccer team played seven overtime games. Their record in those games was 6-0-1. Clearly, good luck was with the booters during last year's season. They were talented, they were healthy, and they had good luck. They also won the championship.

This year the Panthers again advanced to the championship game, where they met Williams. Both teams had enjoyed excellent seasons. Williams stood at 13-1, while Middlebury was 9-3-3, including seven straight wins entering the championship match. The game was played at Williamstown in front of a large and vocal crowd.

In the first half of the match, neither team had an edge in play for any extended amount of time. Rather, the flow of the game shifted back and forth. Williams started out quickly, and carried the play for the first fifteen minutes. But the pattern gradually changed, and the middle third of the half was evenly played.

The final 15 minutes were similar to the first, but it was Middlebury who enjoyed the advantage in play. As Williams had dominated the beginning of the half, Middlebury dominated the end.

In general, the first half was played between the penalty boxes. Both teams had taken turns controlling the play, but neither had created a true scoring threat.

The second half was much different. Maintaining the momentum they carried into the intermission, the Panthers immediately took to the attack. At the four minute mark of the half, the pressure paid off. Striker Charlie Butt ran on to a Charlie Fiedler cross, and one-timed it past William's keeper Rob Blanck. For only the second time of the season, Williams found itself behind in a match.

After Butt's goal, Middlebury went into a defensive shell. The Williams attack was relentless. Time and time again keeper Andy Cornish made brilliant plays in the Panther goal. Cornish was dominant in the air, punching out several dangerous crosses. At the 25 minute mark, he directed a Mike Masters breakaway wide of the woodwork with a diving save.

Eventually, though, the Williams attack paid off. With fifteen minutes remaining in regulation, Masters headed an Ambi Stern cross into the side webbing. Master's equalizer stood up for the remainder of the regulation, and after 90 minutes the match was 1-1.

Two ten-minute overtimes followed. Only 32 seconds into the first stanza, Williams took a 2-1 lead. A shot on goal was deflected by a Middlebury defender, and landed at Stern's feet. He alertly struck the ball with his first touch, and it found the back of the webbing. Desperate for the equalizer, the Panthers attacked. But on this day Blanck and the Ephmen defense were equal to the task, and Williams won by a 2-1 count.

Losing a game is never easy to take, but the Middlebury booters left Williams holding their heads high. They had lost, yes. But the loss was to an exceptional team, and it came in a match that was as evenly played as possible.

In fact, the game was so even that it came down to that one uncontrollable factor. Last year, Middlebury had the luck. This year, it was Williams. And next year ... who knows?

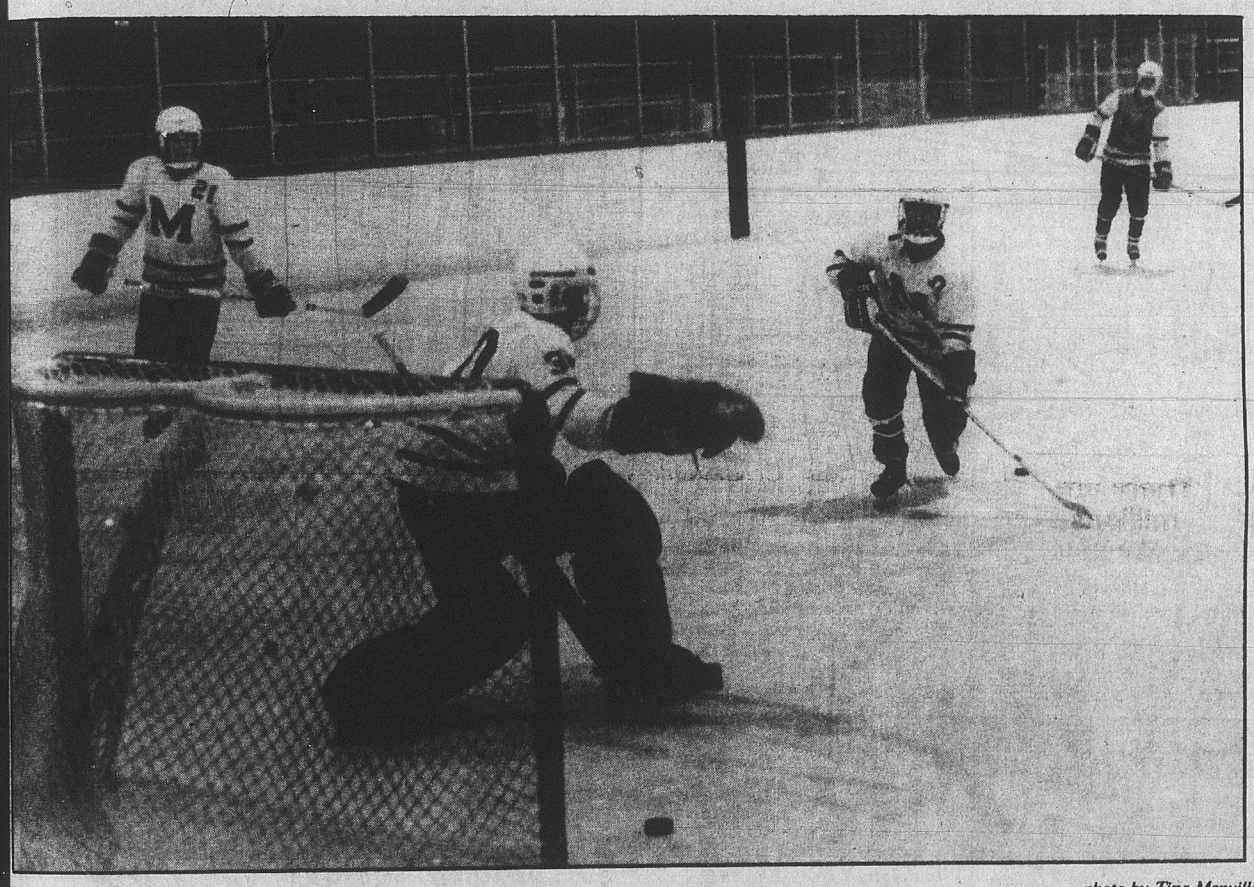


photo by Tina Manville

Ice hockey skates in pre-season to a rebuilding year

By Mike Rankin

This year's men's hockey team is combining a youthful look and a positive attitude to build on the bright spots of last year's 8-15-1 campaign. "We're definitely in a rebuilding situation," says Coach William Beaney.

Indeed, many coaches who had lost eleven seniors to graduation might term their situation worse than that. However, Coach Beaney has reason for optimism. The future is now as far as his team is concerned. At this point, seven freshman are still vying for spots on the roster. One of the most competitive instances of the youth infusion during the preseason has come at goalie, where a sophomore, Steve West, and two freshmen, Bill Weir and Fred Mabee are competing for ice time.

If youth is a liability, because it brings inexperience, it has certain advantages as well, in the form of enthusiasm and the chance for a group to play together over their whole college careers.

Sophomore Jim Quinn, who is currently on a line with another sophomore, Andy Snow, and a freshman, Jamie Noll, thinks that giving young players a lot of quality time on the ice will make the team stronger in both the immediate future and in the long run. "We've definitely got some new guys who are ready to step in and contribute both offensively and defensively."

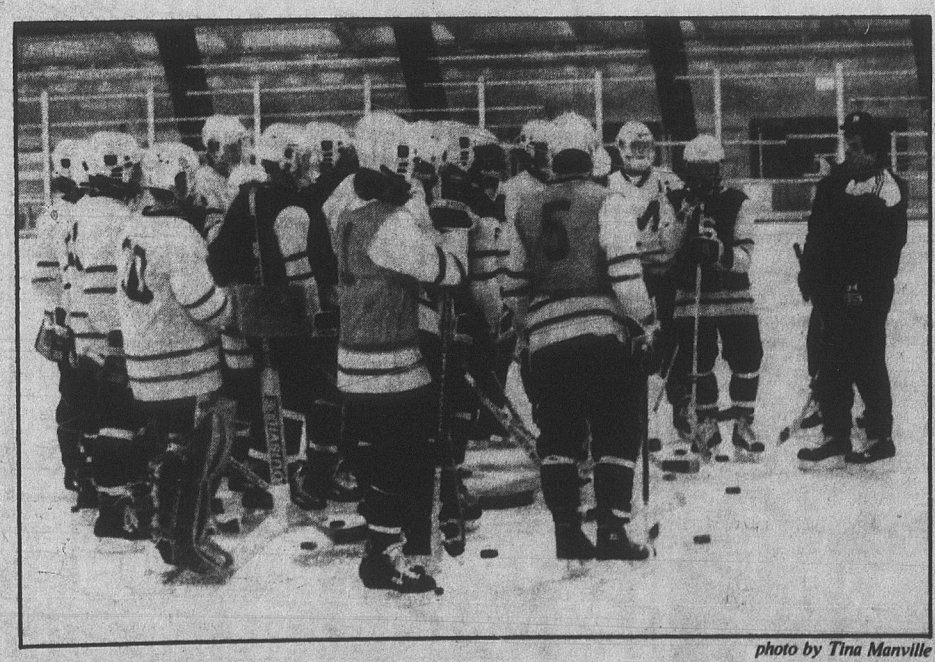


photo by Tina Manville

after dryland this fall, men's hockey hits the ice

The team also hopes to build on some of the good signs coming from the young players last year. "It's a good situation. Last year, almost all the freshman and sophomores had good years, and we're still playing together," says Quinn. The team is still learning a new system, and all the new players will develop as the season goes on. For leadership they will look to team Captain Ned Parsons (D) and assistant captain Colin Ives (LW), both Seniors.

It's not only a younger team, it will be a physically stronger one, too. This year Coach Beaney has put the team on a new conditioning program that has the players lifting during the season, something which hasn't been done in the past. The hope here is that the extra endurance will make the difference late in the games and late in the season.

The schedule, which opens on November 29 with a game against Connecticut College, is a difficult one. Some Divi-

(continued on page 16)

Chess on grass

By Christopher Hiland

So, it's come down to this. According to the Nov. 13 issue of The Christian Science Monitor, croquet has hit the intercollegiate sports scene. I'm moving to Fiji. At least there I won't have to hear about atrocities like this until two or three years after they actually occur. If croquet has really come of age as a sport, then this is the flip side of 90,000 people going to see Wrestle-Mania at the Silverdome in Pontiac, Michigan.

I mean, let's be real! The only sport that is more elitist than croquet is polo. Then again, don't we have a polo team? Well, that's beside the point. We don't have a croquet team. Yet.

Croquet is a sport you play on the Fourth of July with your most distant relatives under the most extreme influence of gin. It is by no means a sport to be taken seriously let alone competitively. Especially by college students!

Hmmm, these paragraphs are getting awfully short. Could it be that the college bowl bids have been released or are the Celtics still undefeated? Enough digression, Chris, let's get back to the subject.

I quote from the same article, "at Smith College...croquet has become something of a passion." Ah yes, and we know what other kinds of passions are flitting around that campus. But come on now, who's kidding whom? Is there drug testing in this sport? Are agents tantalizing the participants with greenbacks? Do the spectators tailgate before the match? No? Well then, it couldn't be a real college sport.

In fact, I think the title of this article says it best, "Chess on Grass". Is that to imply that the croquetors are stoned? If not then let's create Bridge on Sand or Cribbage on Dirt or even Backgammon on Astroturf. Perhaps it is my fault. The fact that I turn to The Monitor for sports topics does not bode well on my creativity. Then again, neither does that picture above.

I was wrong, the title is not the ultimate example of this sport's role in the intercollegiate world. In fact it is simple as examining the list of colleges that actually allow their names to be used in this poor excuse for a slow game of golf for the lazy. Heading the list is everybody's favorite, Harvard. From there it's only downhill: San Francisco State, Georgia Tech, Colby and last and most certainly least, Williams.

Go in peace, dear readers, and beware your colleague who has funny notions about games that are better left to family gatherings. And when you're home for the holiday, give thanks that Middlebury doesn't rely on croquet for weekend fun.

Wrestle Mania

By Tim O'Shea

They call it the "sweet science." To many it is repulsive, a barbaric, degrading, brutal, blooded scene worthy of nothing more than condemnation. To others it is an exciting, competitive, swift moving spectacle of man in violent struggle for survival. It can make heros out of mere men and can turn dedicated, skilled fighters into so called murderers. It has filled twenty thousand seat arenas and captivated millions on television. Yet, it has caused men to not only lose much of their brain capacity but also to die on national television. There is no right or wrong when it comes to judgement. Each must take the sport for that which it does for them personally. Each must watch and decide for himself.

Boxing has a pull on so many of us. There is something magical about the ring and its inhabitants. Two men with millions on hand have but one objective: to hit their opponent so repeatedly and so violently to put him on the canvas. No other sport is so clear cut. Nuances exist in boxing but nowhere to the extent as they do in other sports. Boxing pits man against man in a somewhat civilized battle to the end. I say "civilized" because there are guidelines, rules to follow. The boxer must be intelligent. He must be quick. He is in tune with his big body, and willing to put it up against anyone ready for a fight. Boxing, it may be said, is so popular and has such a grab on people because the events in the ring do not leave their confines. One may watch and honestly enjoy the brutality, the dexterity with which one fighter dispatches the other; or one may simply revel in the fluid motions of the sweaty, almost choreographed movement of the boxers. Or boxing might subconsciously help us get out our aggressions and release our frustrations in a totally removed sense. Watching two men fight reminds us of our manhood, our innate lust for a little blood. But let them do it while we watch.

I know what you're thinking. Is he nuts? Does he really believe all that? Lust for blood, he's crazy? I do not retract any of my statements, but at least I can sympathize with the non-enthusiast. It is a brutal sport, and for a while I was quite repulsed by the whole idea. But after watching more and more of it, and after having remembered all the classic matches from my youth, I have come to a different interpretation. I love the sport of boxing. Names like Ali, Frazer, Duran, and Foreman make me think of near-classical battles of will, strength, endurance and skill.

And now we have "The Savior." He shuns nicknames and flashy hype; he doesn't even wear socks. Mike Tyson is to boxing today what Joe DiMaggio was to baseball in the '50's. He has brought it out of limbo and into the forefront once again. No longer will I have to pretend to like watching Sugar Ray prance around, avoiding Marvelous Marvin's punches, all the while knowing that if he played the part of a survivor, he could win, or better yet, fool the judges. No longer will I have to endure such names as Carl "The Truth" Williams, Ray "Boom-Boom" Mancini, Hector "Macho" Camacho, or even James "Bonecrusher" Smith. Although if my name was Jim Smith, I'd probably want a nickname too. Mike Tyson, barely twenty-one, has made boxing great again. And, more importantly, he has brought it back to where it should have been all along. Tyson's sole concern is "hurting and beating" his opponent. He stops at nothing to achieve that goal, and so far no one has come close to stopping him.

So I cheer the sweet science, and I cheer Mike Tyson. I say to the non-enthusiasts, give it a chance. Watch the action, and revel in its simplistic beauty. Let Mike Tyson bring you out of your sleeps of ignorance into a little taste of

(continued on page 16)

Mel set to lead the swim team towards a very sucessful season

By Jen Kitchin & Julie Faxon

November 1st marked the beginning of what looks to be Middlebury Women's swim team's most promising year. Under the whip of coach Mary Ellen "The Terminator" Claffey and new assistant coach Jim "Adonis" Avery the women are more motivated than ever. Led by co-captains Julie Faxon and Shevaun Mackie the Panthers are boasting individual talent and the depth needed to attain a winning season.

Returning seniors include Jen Kitchin, just off the plane from Madrid, is back to score points in the fly events and the individual medly. Shevaun promises to continue dropping her times at an amazing rate in the distance freestyle. Julie is one of the top breaststrokers in NESCAC swimming, and is hoping to improve on last year's outstanding season. Roberta is a key sprint freestyler both in individual events and on relays.

New seniors this year include Allison Kierstead and Heather Davis. Allison, a former "nordie", has proved she has the stamina to power through the 200 yard butterfly and the distance freestyle, relieving other team members from these grueling events. Heather, a former dedicated swim team groupie, has decided to convert her spirit into waves.

Laura "give me a shot" Andrews, a junior, Mary "McGoo" Stechschulte and Liz "I love breaststroke" Cady, both sophomores, round out the top tier of the squad. Assured points come from Andrews and Cady in the middle distance free and Stechschulte in the sprint fly and free.

Other point winners will be Eileen "Bonk" Fisher in the backstroke, Erika Burk in the 200 fly and Lyn Agre in the sprint butterfly. Some hot new perspectives are: recruited freshmen, Michelle Zagami, an accomplished backstroker currently recovering from mono, and breaststroker, Leslie Jarvis. Two new "febbies" from last year, Jane Goldstein and Colleen Quinn, have decided to "pool" their efforts and contribute to a winning season.

Midd women's swimming loooks particularly hot this year because it has the depth it has lacked in previous years. Not only does it have the talent to capture the firsts, but also the second and third place scorers crucial to win a meet. Versatility is another key feature that promises success. The Pantherettes are well-rounded swimmers that can be placed in whatever event the competition dictates.

Our suits are looking pretty stylish this year, so come on down and check us out Saturday, December 5 against UMass Boston at 1pm at Brown pool. That's next to McCullough gym (for you dancers), across from the library (for those of you who need a study break — on Saturday?!), and near the fraternities (for you sports fans)!

tough swim practices run by Mel

photos by Suzanne Church

By Elizabeth Wilcox

Several weeks ago Coach Russ Reilly overheard two men's swim team members in the locker room discussing the new head swim coach, Mary Ellen Claffey. One swimmer asked what the other thought of Mary Ellen as a coach. The swimmer responded with uncertainty. The questioner then asked the reason for his uncertainty, and the response was simply "because she's very tough."

At twenty-three, Mary Ellen Claffey ("Mel") now in her 2nd year at Middlebury, is the pool director and swim coach of both the men's and women's swim team. Her age, however, does not seem to detract from her coaching. Coach Reilly feels "Middlebury is fortunate to ge someone as young and as qualified as Mary Ellen." Having graduated from U.N.H. two years ago as captain of the swim team and as an All New England Swimmer, Mary Ellen came to Middlebury on a week's notice to coach field hockey, swimming, and lacrosse. After a year she was promoted to head swimming coach and pool director. When co-captain Dave Raymond asked if her age seemed to affect her coaching, he responded, "Her age has nothing to do with it, it is her experience."

Though Mary Ellen's experience is impressive, she would not talk of her accomplishments because she does not wish to dwell in her past. For Mary Ellen, her experience on the Middlebury team is unrelated to her team experience at U.N.H. As a result, she does not want any member of the team "to feel they have to live up to" what she did at U.N.H.

Mary Ellen encourages both men and women to work equally hard. The first phrase that comes to mind for Dave Raymond was "undying motivation," women's co-captain Julie Faxon observed that each practice has become progressively harder. This holds true even for Mary Ellen, who swims each workout every morning. Shavaun Mackie added: as a result, "everyone is continually improving.

Last year a base may have been built for the team but this year, under Mary Ellen and ass't coach Jim Avery, the swim team finds itself swimming more yards and working harder. Mary Ellen feels the team has a potentially strong season, especially with the addition of a talented diving team coached by Jim Terhune.

Mary Ellen has wanted to be a head college swim coach since sophmore year in college. When the position opened up this fall with the decision of Coach McIntosh to walk around the perimeter of the country, Mary Ellen was happy to fill it. Working as pool director now, Mary Ellen has not yet decided on any future aspirations. She wants only for the swim team to get the recognition that she feels it deserves.

Skiing: Midd's only Division I sport

By Shawn Miele

Who are those men and women that jump over boxes in the middle of the field house during prime tennis hours? They are the men's and women's alpine skiers. They have trained since September to get in shape for the ski season.

The alpine and nordic skiers have the longest season of any sport at Middlebury. This is one the priveleges of being our only Division I sport. They finish near the top in the nation year after year despite being one of the smallest Division I schools. How does the alpine team shape up this year? Strong.

Coaches Bart Bradford and Tom Buchanan are a main source of this strength. They bring with them a winning tradition. Bart Bradford comes to us from UVM where he coached the UVM women's alpine team for the past four years. The UVM women dominated the East under Bradford's leadership. Tom Buchanan comes to us from UVM as well. He skied for the UVM men's alpine team, Easter Division I Champions every year of his career. The skiers match up to the coaches this year.

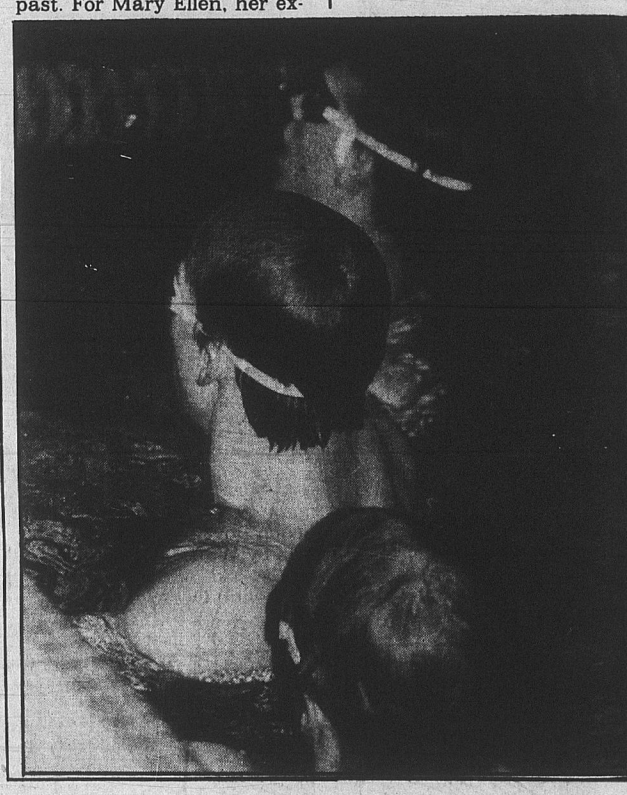
Six carnival skiers return to the men's team this year, Ebbe Altberg, Thad Briner, Pat Callahan, John Dematte, Rob MacLeod and John Taylor. This core of NCAA experience will lead and outstanding group of freshman hopefuls including Jim Dow, Devin O'Neil, Eric Phaneuf and Teddy Steers.

The competition between the men is so fierce this year that only three of the six past carnival skiers will definitely race carnivals again this year, Ebbe Altberg, Thad Briner and Rob MacLeod. One freshman, Devin O'Neil, could prove to be a consistent scorer says Bradford. The two fastest pre-season skiers will win the remaining two spots on the men's carnival team.

The women's alpine team boasts returning NCAA qualifiers Kara Oliver, Claudia Stern, Cara Walther and All-American Ingrid Punderson as experienced leaders. Liz Hinkley, Kirsten Yaw, and freshman Heather Flood show enough talent to help carry on the excellent tradition of the women's alpine team at Middlebury. Bradford says that our women can beat anybody with a strong showing by the top skiers. He says that Ingrid Punderson, Claudia Stern and Heather Flood will probably be the top three skiers this year for the women.

Middlebury's main competition this year comes from UVM and Dartmouth as it has in the past. UVM boasts former US Ski Team members Jesse Hunt and Dean Keller to lead the men and Sigrid Katzenburger as one of the top women. Both our men's team and our women's team beat UVM in certain events sometimes last year. UVM won overall because of the combined scoring, though.

This year it may be possible to win not only certain events but overall as well. Since this requires the combined effort of men's and women's alpine and nordic skiers, the team is emphasizing unity. Bradford says, "We have to keep together as a team." That is why the men and women of our alpine team practice in the field house every day.



Seniors say goodbye to football with a tough loss

By Craig Westling

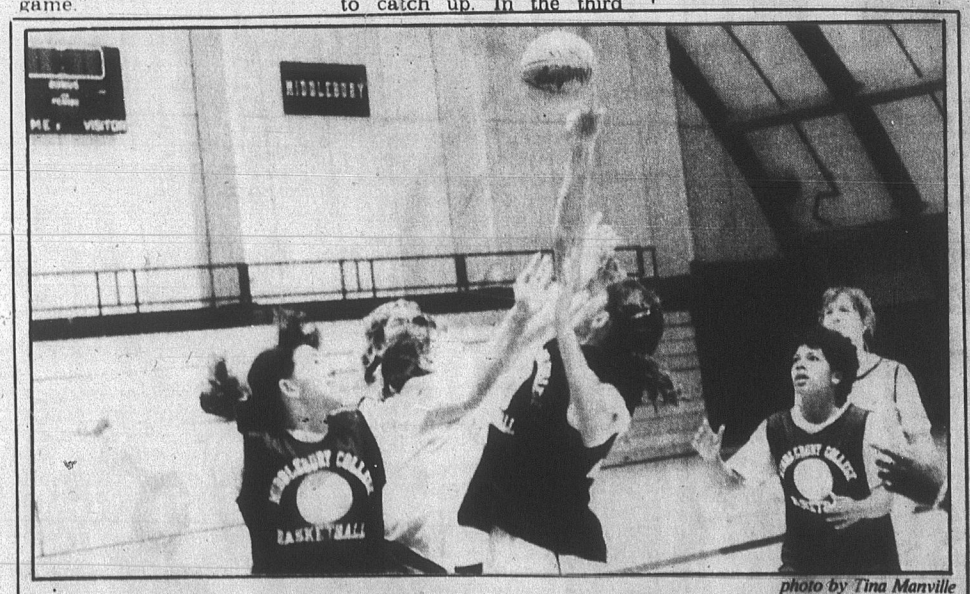
The class of 1988 played it last game in the rain, up to their ankles in mud – just like football should be played. The game was intense and physical as both teams came to leave their mark on the opponent, but unfortunately Middlebury dropped the game to the Cadets 28-7. The Panthers ended their season at 4-4 after a 4-1 start.

"This was the best football team I've ever played on," said tricaptain-elect Mark Lahive, "our record does not reflect on how good we were. I feel sad to see this group of seniors leaving on a sour note. I really love these guys, they were great leaders and they deserved to win their last game."

Middlebury's season was good – better than your average .500 team. They came from behind to win some games, and they beat some old rivals. In the record book it will show 4-4 for 1987, but in the hearts of these seniors it was worth it all; "I'll never play football again, "said senior Murray Kohl, "but it's been one of the greatest experiences of my life. The unity, the discipline, the sharing, it really is a special feeling. I'm more sad about leaving this team than about losing to Norwich."

The game was frustrating as Norwich scored 28 points in the first half off of good drives and turnovers by Middlebury. In the second half the Panthers dominated, but they were just too far behind to catch up. In the third quarter tricaptain-elect Jim Hackett hit Chris wood on a half-back pass for Midd's only score. The rest of the game was full of good defense by both teams, and Middlebury couldn't punch it in again. "Norwich was a good team," said tricaptain-elect Ivar Henningson, "we beat them in the second half, but they beat us by enough in the first half to win the game."

For most of the players it was all worth it. The pain and the hard work seem to be worth it when the game is over, win or lose. For the seniors it is particularly hard to leave it all behind, but they put in four years of their heart and will always be remembered for that. Good luck next year young Panthers.



Women's hoopsters reach for the ball during practice

photo by Tina Manville

Hockey

(continued from page 15)

sion three teams have been dropped from the state, and a Division one team, Air Force, has been added.

If they can avoid costly injuries, and build on the positive attitude and the supportive leadership that has characterized the preseason, this hockey club will definitely hold its own, and maybe surprise a few people if they pay too much attention to last year's record.

O'Shea

(continued from page 15)

the real world. There's no sense in avoiding something you've never really given credit to, now is there? And if your still not convinced, well then, go be content with your crochet and your synchronized swimming. If you want me, I'll be in front of the set hollering for a little blood.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

photo by Erik Lundberg

A gentle concert

A parent reflects on Jimmy Cliff — and Jim Watt

To the Editor:

We heard a gentle concert last night.

Jimmy Cliff came out in a loose outfit — all lemon yellow with many layers and what looked like an operating room theater cap tied in the back. A lopsided star had been sewn to his yellow vest. There were no electric colors. The flashiest thing on the stage was his brilliant white smile. From our place back in the bleachers he looked like a friendly figure from the Wizard of Oz.

Certainly not a threatening one. Although I really like reggae — we were introduced to the music in the late seventies by our middle son — this was to be our first concert experience.

In our case, we had to scramble to get tickets with no help from our youngest freshman son. We didn't see him all night — I expect to his relief. Like so many of his generation, the idea of parents attending one of "his" concerts was anathema. I don't think this is so much intolerance toward his parents' views or perhaps unimagined pleasures, just supreme discomfort that those parents might intrude upon his space. Perhaps the concert is like a child's messy room. Where it is expected that the parent will tell him what is not allowed: sex, pot, mindless endless repetitive dancing, sloth, dirty hair. You name it. Many of the things that parents decry in the values of the emerging young adult have gotten focused by both parent and child on the concert. *The Concert* has become the equivalent of the *Messy Room*.

When we arrived we found some comfort in a scattering of a slightly graying generation mixed thru the bleachers. We were even to find Olin Robison and his wife on the dance floor later that evening in their trench coats.

In front of us the floor was packed with dancer/listeners. They'd been here before; responding on cue to Jimmy Cliff's short political jabs at "No more Nuclear War" and the arrogance of the "1st World Countries."

For us who had come to hear reggae, we were most excited by the sound of his voice – his caribbean roots coming thru and his references back to the origins of the Rastafarian genre. The most radical thing in his delivery was his seemingly effortless slip into falsetto in any number of octaves.

Bob Marley is gone now. Died of a brain tumor. Peter Tosh killed in his own bedroom in Jamaica. Only Jimmy Cliff remains from that era when reggae was first introduced to the U.S. of A.

Only one of Cliff's band had any prominent "Dreadlocks." It was the dreadlocks which led me to think during the concert of my some-time friend, Jim Watt. Watt and I shared many bits of background — both from Wyoming — both working for Wally Hickel in the early days of the Nixon Administration. But what we definitely did not share was any appreciation for "dreadlocks."

Here, with Jimmy Cliff giving us surprisingly melodious numbers, I thought of the Beach Boys and their censorship by Watt.

How did Middlebury's officials handle the appearance of Jimmy Cliff? Not only did they tolerate it but I was to learn later they had been willing to put their pocket-books at risk to book him here. (The concert actually broke even.) I was to learn that they are most sensitive to the mindset that can occur if a perceived isolation quietly attacks the student population and causes these young people, should the world of current sounds and fashion appear denied or far away.

From a distance Jimmy Cliff made it look easy. Each player in the band was clearly separated from the other on a stage that stretched across the entire width of the gymnasium. Their sounds could be separated too — even in the hardest-driving of their numbers. It was Cliff who remained the central focus and on occasion unleashed from those behind him a pure reggae syncopation.

My wife and I moved up close to the stage. Here I realized that Cliff was not a young man. He was giving honest work with sweat pouring off his bony face. But he was still blessed with liquid limbs that worked with grace through his routine.

What was remarkable to us, though, was the young crowd. They were their own best cops. There was no drunkenness. Absolutely none. A faint smell of pot did seem to waft up near the stage but we saw none in use and no one close to being stoned.

To me it was a marvel that my wife and I were dancing at our first reggae concert ever — a concert attended by a Southern Baptist preacher (Robison) in a New England town (founded in 1761 according to the shirt patches of the town police force) at the first community college in the country which parenthetically had been launched in part by another preacher, (Timothy Dwight from Yale) in 1800.

Wasn't this the quintessential nature of pluralism in America? Wasn't this defining the living role of a liberal education in a democratic society?

What an antithesis to Jim Watt's vision of education; where opportunity is denied rather than sponsored. Where an administration and a church combine to censor rather than to publish; where the country's younger generation is treated to intolerance rather than trust that they can conduct themselves with decency and with care.

We consider our son fortunate. Jim Watt should have been so lucky as to taste both the academic freedom and responsibilities of this place. Our son has the best four years of his life upcoming. We hope he thrives. Who knows, we might get invited to a concert with him somewhere along the line.

An Anonymous Freshman Parent

Violence at D.U.

'. . .it's time everyone stopped turning a blind eye'

To the Editor:

On Saturday, November 14, I decided that maybe all of the past comments I had made concerning DU may have been said unjustifiedly as I had been there only once during the first week of my freshman year. So I ventured over with an open mind. I got to the door and explained to the brothers standing there collecting $2 that a) I had no money and I would be happy to turn out my pockets to prove this point, and b) that I was underage, and that on top of having no desire to drink, I was already stamped with a big "VOID" from KDR so I would not be served anyhow.

After this haggling at the door, the brother finally conceded to let me in, but it was not without the threat that "I'm coming in in 5 minutes, and if I see you with a beer in your hand — I'll drag you out by your hair." I tried to ignore that comment and simply walk in. Yet that was not without threat either. He tried to mark my face with a permanent marker, at which point, angered that someone could be so insensitive, I turned to him and said "You suck". Agreed, not the most ladylike thing to do, but being less than half his size, and enraged that I should be threatened like that, my reflexes took over.

Well, here is where the real issue comes in. After my comment, he turned to a fellow brother inside the door and shouted "Grab her!" Whereupon I was forcefully picked up and literally thrown outside of DU. Needless to say, I was not asked to leave first. They then proceeded to tell me that *I* had an attitude problem.

My first reaction was humiliation and embarrassment. By the time I finished crying, that had turned to rage and disgust. That someone should resort to physical violence with a girl half their size was unbelievable.

Before I go any further, I want to point out that I don't hold every DU brother accountable for this incident. I know there are brothers who would have moved to stop this had they seen and heard this exchange. I am also aware that it's the minority of brothers who are the offenders that are giving the rest of the brothers a bad name and a bad reputation. Yet as Sunday wore on, and I was told of more and more similar instances at DU, I became determined that this issue could no longer remain untouched.

There has been a large problem with violence at DU, and I believe that it's time everyone *stopped* turning a blind eye. Yes, when two guys fight, it's hard to determine who provoked who, but when I'm being told stories of people being pushed out of windows it's a little easier to make a judgement. Apparently, a majority of the campus is aware that these problems exist, yet everyone has been afraid to take a stand and voice their concerns.

I too, realize the possible consequences of my addressing this issue, but for me to be afraid to walk into any college-owned building is a much graver consequence for me personally. I understand too, that many people will construe my comment as what provoked this abuse. But that someone should have such a complete lack of respect for me as a human being, to attempt to mark my face, I believe was much greater provocation.

I don't in fact have a concrete answer to the pressing problem of violence that appears to be rampant at the DU house. I can however suggest that if more people would let their stories be known, some action could be taken against those who are responsible for the harassment, violence and abuse. Perhaps one answer may be a need for stronger security at these parties (another issue altogether).

What is apparent though, is that too many people are ashamed — not angry. They feel as if they did something wrong, instead of standing up for their rights as members of the Middlebury College community. I am personally outraged that this behavior has gone unreproached for so long, and yet I realize that I have not posed a viable solution to the problem. One thing is sure — violence is **not** the answer!

Lory Ann Myerson '90

Beware the thesis monster

What happens when the advisor takes control

To the Editor:

I am a Middlebury graduate who never wrote a thesis. I had the chance; I majored in English and had the opportunity of writing either a one-semester senior essay or two-semester thesis. I chose to do neither. Sure, I was a bit lazy and daunted by the awesome task of researching in depth a literary topic which so many had addressed before, yet one in which I had to arrive at a totally new interpretation, organizing and expanding my original view in words spanning 40 to 100 printed pages. However, I knew also of the nightmares — the nightmares which took on the disturbingly real form of that powerfully selfish figure clothed in arbitrary instructions and opinionated beliefs — The Thesis Advisor.

I am back at Middlebury now. I no longer have to face the choice of whether or not to bend a leg, a dirty knee on the pedagogical pavement of the college and offer myself up, a willing sacrifice to the whims and wishes of some erudite ostrich with his head in the filthy, blinding mud of his subject of instruction. Yet, I find myself associating with people (yes, friends of mine) who have not yet attained, as I have, the numbing weightlessness of the empty vacuum one finds after being shot like an aimless meteor through the black hole of graduation. These pals of mine are seniors who, when faced with the same choices with which I was faced, chose the alternative road and opted for the thesis. And of course, attached to every thesis is the raging, bestial presence of the Thesis Advisor. My thesis-writing cronies are living the nightmare. They tell me, wide-eyed, pale-faced and shaking-handed, of professors who arrange meetings to discuss the progress of their thesis, then repeatedly cancel the meetings. After finally going through with an appointed time, one professor shows up totally unprepared to discuss the thirty pages which a student has written, having read only five of those pages (hardly exemplary behavior. This is something a student might do). Then, the advisor has the gall to attempt to criticize the whole paper based upon what little he's actually read, suggesting that the direction of the argument and topic be switched to some subject which **he** would rather read about.

***. . .Is not the purpose of the thesis-writing exercise to provide a practical, in-depth way for students to research and speak their minds on a subject which interests* them?**

Is not the purpose of the thesis-writing exercise to provide a practical, in-depth way for students to research and speak their minds on a subject which interests **them**? The student is confronted with a dilemma. Should he write to please the Monster, and get a good grade? Or should he write to please himself, and suffer the miserable consequences?

Advisors exist not to dictate, order, or discourage, but simply to advise. An easy, mutually beneficial relationship should arise between professor and student, not a one-sided attack between beast and prey. Some communicating has to be made on both sides. The advisor should encourage the student to write about what interests him or her.

Students must voice their fears, anxieties and complaints about their thesis and their advisor / advisee relationships (if an appointment to do so can be scheduled).

Middlebury is known for one-on-one instruction students can receive from professors. Individuals in the English Department have helped me immensely in my academic endeavors, and continue to do so. However, advisor / advisee relations must be worked out before the college comes to be known for the grief students can receive from this one-on-one instruction of which we are so proud.

A. J. Rosenberg

More on the German School

School didn't 'fulfill [its] responsibility to all students'

To the Editor:

In response to John D. Glosto's letter printed in the Nov. 6 issue of the Campus, entitled "German School is as good as you it want it to be", I'd like to clarify my position in regard to the German Summer School. Mr. Glosto wrote because he disagreed with an earlier article written by Rob Delorie ("Kase in Summer — 9/18/87), in which it was stated that "the German School fell drastically short" of Delorie's expectations. Mr. Glosto also disagreed with a quote I made in the article saying, "The way I see it, they couldn't really raise the intensity of instruction, because the average quality of the students wasn't that high."

I believe I was misrepresented in the article. In the course of a conversation with Rob Delorie, I expressed the feeling that, in level two of the seven-week program, the material presented to the students wasn't as rigorous as the German department's instruction during the regular academic year. I went on to say that this was because the level of students wasn't *as* high as that represented here at Middlebury during the year. The students at summer school were a more diverse group and, as Mr. Glosto says, "The German School, for example, has its own standards for acceptance deemed to be unqualified for the rigorous summer." But the disparity in students in level 2 led to a problem for some students, because the speed and intensity wasn't suitable to their needs.

The German School does possess a fine reputation, but my personal expectations, as well as those of some other students in the 2nd level were not met. Rob Delorie chose to quote me out of context to suit the purpose of his article.

In response to Mr. Glosto's claim that "gross generalizations" were made, in particular my comment, I'd like to point out that had I been properly represented, it would have been clear that I was referring only to level two. Mr. Glosto stated that he "can't speak for the 7-week undergraduate program.", and in the same vein, I am unable to speak in reference to the graduate program. This fact went unstated in the original article.

Where I disagree with Mr. Glosto is when he wrote, "We're big people now and our education is our own responsibility." Mr. Glosto is correct in stating that we are big people, as well as in stating that we are responsible for our own education. He failed to mention the fact though, that an undergraduate at Middlebury who starts German at level one in their freshman year is literally forced into attending summer school if they want to spend their full junior year studying at Midd in Mainz. I believe the summer language program is a wonderful opportunity to learn a lot about a language in a short period of time, but if forced to attend the program, the school has some responsibilities that they must also meet. In my opinion, the school didn't fully succeed in fulfilling their resposibility to all of the students.

As with Mr. Glosto, I found my education this summer to be very good, although not exactly as I had anticipated. Contrary to Mr. Glosto's belief that "some students this summer felt in necessary to evaluate others instead of themselves," therefore not allowing them to achieve what they could have. I feel that the structure of the level 2 program did not allow for the disparity of the students enrolled. As a result, some of the students were unable to achieve their personal goals and expectations, therefore leaving some of them dissatisfied.

Susan M. Gauss '90

The lowdown on Carnival Combo tickets

To the editor:

We on the Carnival Board realize that you have a lot on your minds these days — finals, papers, Turkey, and what not. But you should also be aware that Winter Carnival is coming soon! The Midd-1920's will descend upon us all in February, but start thinking now about purchasing your combo ticket.

All combo tickets will be on sale *only on campus* this year. Tickets will be sold early in Winter Term. If by chance you plan to escape the January cold, do not fret! A friend can buy a combo ticket for you. Students will purchase the actual ticket at the sale, *not* a certificate for redemption later! If you want to attend any of the night clubs (Lower Early, Lower Late, Upper Early, or Upper Late) *you must* have a combo ticket.

Tickets for other social events; the Ball, Winter Warmup, First Night and the Ice Show, will be sold individually in February. Your parents will receive a letter regarding t-shirt sales, but you may also purchase t-shirts yourself in February. The "Revolution in Morals and Manners" starts so prepare early! Remember, all Combo Tickets will be on sale on campus only.

Enjoy Thanksgiving Break! Say hi to Mom and Dad.

Anya Puri

The Middlebury Campus

Established 1905
Formerly
The Undergraduate
Founded in 1830

November 20, 1987

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OPINIONS

Policy for no one

Living off-campus should be an option for all Middlebury students, rather than an exclusive privilege for those who are wealthy. Under current College policy, students who choose to live off-campus are returned a ridiculously low $1,960 a year for room and board. Rent in this area ranges from $250.00 to $400.00 per month, making it virtually impossible for an off-campus student to keep a roof over his or her head and still manage to eat.

Anyone paying tuition has a difficult time arguing that more money should be returned to him because tuition here is an umbrella figure — no distinction is made between room, board and classes. Consequently, parents aren't sure how much of tuition is spent on room and board in reality. Amherst and Williams do break down tuition, returning $3,600 and 3,830 per year respectively to their off-campus students.

Either Middlebury has some exceedingly economical means of covering room and board or students are being cheated out of thousands of dollars annually.

Administration officials see Middlebury as a "residential college," and certainly students should be encouraged to live on-campus, particularly during their first years here. But the limit placed on the number of students who may live off-campus and the low refunds given those students who do get off seem unnecessary. Is the administration really worried about a mass exodus? Amherst and Williams have only 50 to 115 students off-campus and use virtually no means of restraining off-campus living. Middlebury seems to be taking drastic measures to combat a problem that doesn't really exist, and in the process are discriminating against the less affluent in the college community.

It's important that the College cater to divergent facets of the College population — those who don't feel comfortable in dorms for one reason or another, or those who prefer privacy — rather than only students who can pay for what they want. In light of the College's inability to house students adequately, restrictions should be eased for off-campus living, particularly for juniors and seniors, allowing students to move out of dorm lounges and into more pleasant conditions if they so choose.

Review system Confidentially necessary

Dale Cockrell's lawsuit against Middlebury College has finally come to a close; it has also affirmed the need for confidentiality in any form of review system.

Cockrell's curiosity about the evaluations in his file is natural — and perhaps understandable. But for him to have examined the College's files would have compromised the entire tenure review process.

There is ample precedent for maintaining confidentiality in review systems. College applicants usually sign over their right to see the rational of their acceptance or rejection — a necessary step for the applicant to be taken seriously.

Job applicaants sign similar clauses when they consent to interview and be evaluated for a position.

And every semester here, students are involved in a similar review process when they fill out their course evaluation forms. Certainly the candor of those assessments would be compromised if the students' identities were revealed to the professor they were evaluating.

Cockrell felt slighted, and wanted to confirm his suspicions. But somehow his inquisitiveness smacks of sour grapes.

Whatever the nature of the evaluations in Cockrell's file, it seems unlikely that the Committee on Reappointment, the Appeals Board, and finally the president of the College would have based their decision on a personality dispute between two professors.

As Provost Bruce Peterson said, the implications stretch far beyond the individual case. Affirming the concept of "academic privilege" is an important defense of confidentiality — the confidentiality needed to arrive at honest evaluations and fair decisions.

Ronald Reagan is no lame duck

By Andrew Biggs

Ronald Reagan is about to embark on the final year of his presidency, and he's got more on his mind than the budget. He's thinking about history.

It is for this reason that his last year could make for such interesting politics. For all the opposition to many of Reagan's policies (witness last Friday's Central America symposium, with two of the panel and many in the audience practically foaming at the mouth as they set upon his policy of funding the Contras), the President has had remarkable success at attaining his goals. Despite a skeptical public and a recalcitrant Congress, Reagan has drastically changed, for better or worse, everything from the federal tax system to superpower relations.

In the past year it seems that the Reagan magic has faded. With the Iran-Contra scandal, defeats on spending, and his recent humiliation concerning nominations for the Supreme Court, Reagan seems tired, hardly the same man who convinced the nation that you could raise spending and decrease taxes while balancing the federal budget (8 years later I still can't find the logic, but I guess that's why he's President and I'm not).

Despite all his recent defeats, I'm convinced that Reagan's going to pull it out in the bottom of the ninth and go down in history as at least an almost-great president. Why? Two words: foreign policy. Think back to all our presidents since Roosevelt. What do you remember about them? World War II, dropping the bomb, Korea, the Cuban Missle Crisis, Vietnam, Iran. Did Roosevelt balance the budget? Do you care? Of course you don't. Foreign affairs have got domestic policy beaten hands down and Reagan knows

Reagan's going to pull it out in the bottom of the ninth and go down in history as an almost-grand president.

that. He's also smart enough to know that you can afford to lose the small battles as long as you can still take the big one.

Remember the days of "Ronald Reagan and the Evil Empire"? The hue and cry that went up when Reagan started his military buildup, declaring that he'd get rid of them all once he'd scared the hell out of the Ruskies? He wouldn't have a summit, he's filling the world with missiles — that nut's gonna get us all killed! *Well*, now it looks like he was a lot smarter than we all gave him credit for. Reagan and Gorbachev are poised to eliminate all nuclear missiles from Europe during their summit meeting in Washington this December.

How does this leave Reagan? Is he the man who drove us to the poorhouse, the President with the habit of snoozing off during cabinet meetings? Not quite. Four years from now we'll look back on how Ron stood up to the Commies and got rid of the missiles when he was good and ready.

I think Reagan will lose a lot of battles in the next year, and give a lot of ground just to keep things running smoothly. He knows that his successor can change everything he's done anyway, so why fight it? What he will push for is a major reduction in strategic nuclear weapons (the ones that'll kill us, not just the Europeans).

If he pulls this one off, and there's a very respectable chance that he will, he'll go down in history as the man who saved us all from nuclear holocaust. This is what Reagan's agenda is now. And by the way, if Reagan happens to be right and things go downhill in Central America, there are going to be a lot of people eating a lot of crow around here. See you in four years!

Letters to the Editor

A Gay Voice Calls Out at Middlebury

To the Editor:

From the moment I noticed the article on your front page, I knew it was inevitable that I would do this. In fact, having read it not fifteen minutes ago, I can no longer sit still and stare blankly at my wall. I have been prompted to respond to stories like "Gay Awareness Surges . . . " (Nov. 13) before, but this time it is different; maybe the minds I am addressing in this place are a little more open than those I've encountered before.

I am a typical Middlebury freshman, a good skier, and an all-around "heck of a guy." But I understand neither my own feelings nor those of this campus regarding homosexuality.

First of all, I have never felt right about "these things." No one has forcefully exposed me to homosexuality; no one has overtly instilled me with a fear of girls; no one has ever molested me, except for myself. But the simple fact remains that I can't relate to girls. I've never been on a date, because I've never found a girl I wanted to go out with; I've never been out with a guy, either.

My gay social contact includes both youth group meetings for confused people and gay bars for the even more confused. The former I found largely disappointing: a bunch of drippy people sitting around someone's coffee table discussing the best way to get to the next New York rally for Gay Rights.

My parents and friends are often unsympathetic to my plight, and I've been kicked out of my house and ignored by those I love over and over again. That's par for the course: society as a whole must obviously swallow its prejudice and ignorance before this will stop happening all around us. Is anyone willing to be open about this change here at Midd? I wouldn't know.

The points I hope to make are as follows: gay bars are often vile, repulsive, frightening outlets for a lot of repressed people; I am lonely, confused, and repressed, and there are many more like myself out there; the typical individual with no prior *positive* contact with the gay world (gay friends, relatives, etc.) is likely to underestimate the number of confused indiviuals struggling with their sexual identity on this campus; finally, then, I think an open forum for discussion and socializing is both appropriate and necessary on this campus, as with any other. I've never met a single rational gay in my life that wouldn't change in a minute if he / she could; but faced with the options given him / her by society today, there is little hope for change without a lot more support than what exists here and now.

Name withheld by request

Bilious Yawpings

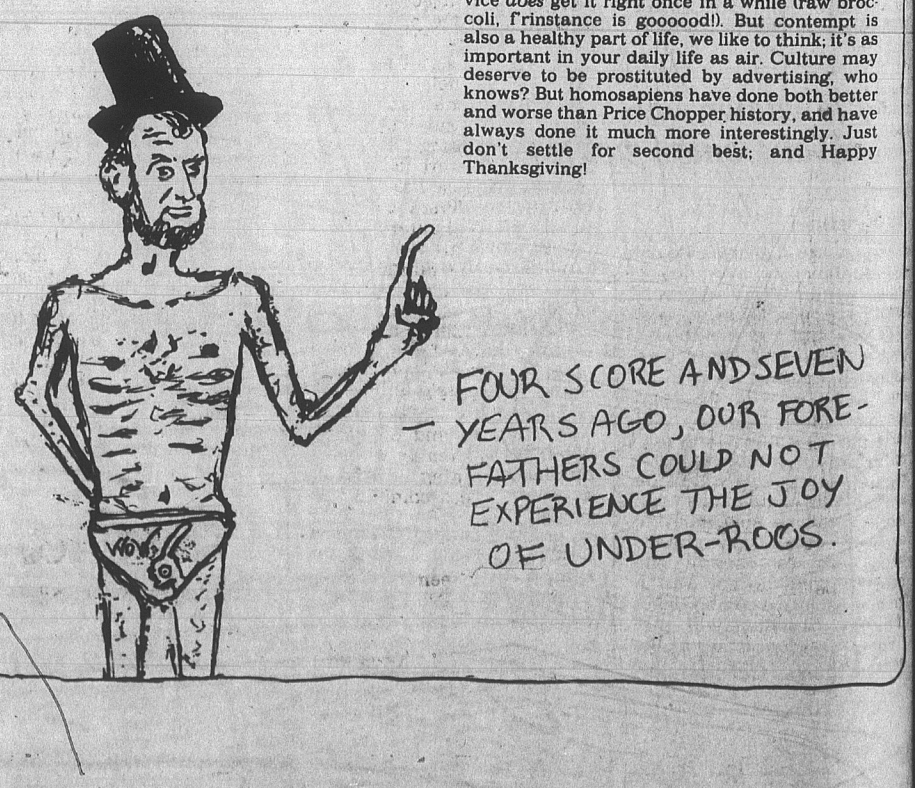
MEYER'S + BOESTER'S

(Last week's B.Y. contained a typo that caused illimitable trauma for us yawpers, mainly the suggestion that Jesse Jackson willfully shot and killed the Rev. Martin Luther King, Jr. Whoops! Sorry. We apologize & hope nobody took it seriously.)

We were mostly incensed by advertising (again) this week. The Gap took first place for its use of Dorothea Lange's Depression-era photos of miners and sharecroppers to hawk its new line of $15 undershirts. A humble tribute to the men and women who built this country, folks; the same unsung heroes who couldn't afford to buy so much as a pair of suspenders from us. Don't worry shoppers, they'll stay in the photos — they're not actually gonna come in and sweat all over the place, heh, heh. Price Chopper ran a close second for lifting quotes from Churchill ("Never have so many had so much for so little") and Neil Armstrong ("That's one small step for man . . . "). And one giant step into sheer stupidity. Other wonderful contributions to ahistoricism in advertising: *Napoleon & Josephine: A Love Story*; Time/Life Books; various Founding Fathers purveying VCRs and CD players . . . you get the idea.

"So what's the big deal?" was the most common reaction to our last unbalanced diatribe against consumer camp. OK — to set the record straight — it is *not* that our delicate sensibilities have been shocked by a frivolous treatment of serious subjects in the advertising world. There is a tangible wrong committed, however, in the reception of media influence; in essence, to say "What's the big deal?" *is* the big deal. Commercial exploitation doesn't exploit the historical figures — it exploits *you*. While you don't have to shop at Price Chopper, they have already gone one up on you by reducing your experience to a handy set of quotes; all of history remanded to the position of comic relief.

That's why we yawp and hope you yawp and never stop. Because we're not bitchy people except when we're tread upon. We *like* the Lang sunset, we *love* the campus dogs and Food Service *does* get it right once in a while (raw broccoli, f'instance is goooood!). But contempt is also a healthy part of life, we like to think; it's as important in your daily life as air. Culture may deserve to be prostituted by advertising, who knows? But homosapiens have done both better and worse than Price Chopper history, and have always done it much more interestingly. Just don't settle for second best; and Happy Thanksgiving!



Getting Styrofoam out of our lives and our trash

By Susan Odssen

Styrofoam, otherwise nown as polystyrene foam, s making its way into the eadlines almost weekly. We ave recently learned that tyrofoam often contains hlorofluorocarbons (CFC's), hich contribute to the deple- ion of the ozone layer. This is ignificant because the ozone s the atmospheric layer that rotects us and the earth rom harmful ultraviolet adiation from the sun.

Unfortunately, this is only alf of the problem of tyrofoam usage. Styrofoam, ike all other plastics and lastic derivatives, is not iodegradable. What this

The question is, when will we sacrifice our present lifestyle and these items we have grown accustomed to?

means is that the stryofoam will remain with us almost forever, accumulating in our landfills. This is an added contribution to out ever-growing garbage problems. Many times, the styrofoam can become contaminated and still go to our landfills, to eventually leach into our drinking water supplies — a situation which occured in Nassau County, on Long Island. Tons of styrofoam contaminated with dioxin, a carcinogen, were found to have been dumped into a water recharge basin, of all places!

Environmental atrocities such as this are not the main problem. The greatest problem we face is our dependency on items that are doing us much more harm than good. The technological and scientific aspects of this issue are simpler than the social and economic ones.

When considering the ozone problem, it must be stated that stryofoam products contribute only 1-2 % of the total CFC's. The refrigeration, air conditioning, and computer industries are the largest cntributors to CFC release into the atmosphere. Therefore, the reduction in usage or even production of styrofoam products is a small step, but an important one because it is symbolic.

Middlebury College recently joined the ranks of those who are discontinuing use of styrofoam products. This move is to be commended. Many other communities and states are pressing for similar reductions or even bans of styrofoam.

The recent agreement by 24 nations to reduce production of CFC's by 50 % by 1999 is another move in the right direction. Yet there are still many steps that are needed to be taken on the part of big businesses like McDonald's. McDonald's has recently declared that it will phase out its styrofoam containers in the near future. Burger King has widely published its switch to biodegradable paper products.

Yet one must look not only at actions taken, but also at the attitudes expressed by businesses associated with the plastics industry. McDonald's felt that a switch from styrofoam to another "low-cost alternative" would not change the garbage situation. The following statement by Kenneth Lane, a spokesman for the plastic industry, sums up the resistant attitudes of these industries, "In fact, we think that our product, which remains inert in the landfill, is an environmental plus." (New York Times, Nov. 11.) He is alluding to the fact that other containers, especially certain paper roducts that were recently found to contain traces of dioxin, are not always environmentally sound.

McDonald's likes using styrofoam containers because they are economical (paper products cost twice as much), safe, sanitary, portable, and they keep their products hot and fresh. This also demonstrates the dependence upon our 'great' high-tech lifestyle.

Some steps have been taken, and hopefully more will be in the future. But as with any other environmental concern, the public must make a choice. The question is, when will we sacrifice our present lifestyle and these items that we have grown accustomed to and in some cases, dependent upon? Must we wait until it is too late? Further restrictions on styrofoam and CFC production must come now. It is time for us, for once in history, to take a strong stand on an environmental concern before more serious problems arise.

Why hunting is necessary

To the Editor:

It's 3 a.m. on a Monday morning. I'm searching around my room for things to put on, trying not to wake anybody up. It's about twenty degrees outside as I make some hot chocolate. I have a long trip ahead of me and I have to be there before dawn. You see, it's opening day of deer season.

I look forward to this day every year, not so I can kill a deer, but because it allows me to leave the real world behind

The deer population must be controlled, or the entire herd will suffer from starvation

and become one with nature. see this as a chance to view he world in a different perspective. I am an outdoorsman and will always be an outdoorsman. The rationale behind hunting is very misunderstood, as can be seen in a recent article in The Campus by Karen Benfield.

"Who are we as mankind to shoot a deer . . . ?" she asks. Well, Karen, who are we as mankind to keep infringing on the land that has been theirs forever? Who are we as mankind to keep taking from nature and never giving anything back? Because of these questions, something has to be done to regulate the size of the deer population.

Because of the constant depletion of lands in nature, deer have fewer and fewer places to live and find food. With this known fact, the deer population must be controlled, or the entire herd will suffer from starvation. This is the reason for a hunting season. Not a season that lasts all year and is loosely enforced, but a highly regulated, limited hunting season. Without hunting, far more deer would die an agonizing death due to starvation. Hunting allows the herds to be thinned and for a greater rate of survival than if they were left alone.

For me, the oncoming of the season brings a greater appreciation of the outdoors. I do not condone the poaching that goes on. In fact, I am highly outraged by it. But to condemn hunting or fishing is wrong. Just because it has never been immediate to you, do not condemn something because you don't understand it. By the way, nothing I bring home from a hunt is ever wasted.

Finally, what makes the killing of one animal right and the other wrong? All of the steak, veal, hamburger, chicken, etc. that people eat every day is acquired simply by a different form of hunting, and some of it is much worse than the kind you are talking about. Think about that the next time you take a bite of a Whopper.

Dan Romani

...and why I like it

To the Editor:

Recently, opinions on the subject of hunting have been expressed in the Campus by authors who have strong feelings on the subject but lack basic knowledge of hunting. As a hunter myself, I find this lack of knowledge surprising considering their choice of strong words such as "revolting" and "sad" to describe hunting. I'm not angered or disturbed by their feelings, because I know that they don't understand what it means to be a hunter.

I'd like to share a few of my thoughts about hunting with them and anyone else who cares to show that hunting is not simply "killing animals" but it is a way for men in a society so far removed from the basic necessities of life to explore many of the most basic feelings and emotions that make us human.

For me, hunting is a doorway to the less complicated life of long ago. In those times, a person's head wasn't cluttered with the volumes of esoterica that seem so vital to people today. All that mattered was getting what you needed for survival. If you were unable to get what you needed to survive, your death was not signaled by a gravestone or an obituary but by a good dinner for some scavenger hungry enough to eat you. Simple realities such as this are masked by the complexities of today's world and the opportunity to discover them is what makes hunting a pleasure for me.

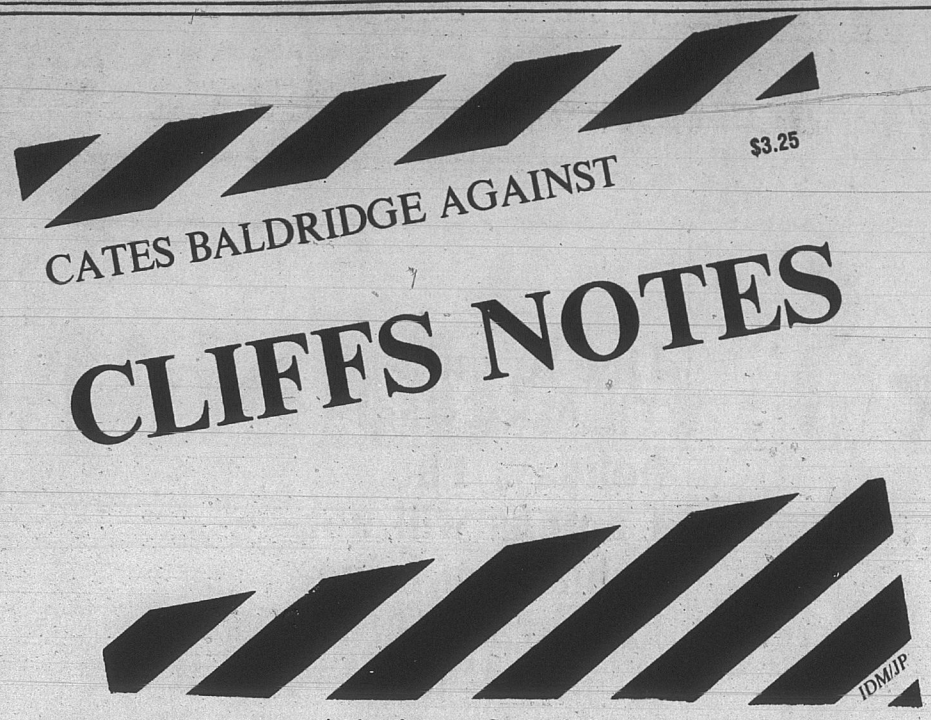
When I am slogging through a marsh long before daylight in order to get where the ducks will be flying at sunrise, or shuffling through the forest by moonglow to be near the trail where deer are likely to cross at first light, I am removed from the inessential trifles that seem so important in everyday life. It is as if I have traveled through time, away from chemistry lab and parking tickets, to a time where my only thoughts are of survival. I think as our ancestors thought, of being physically comfortable today and of insuring that comfort of tomorrow.

A word that very adequately describes what I get from hunting is "simplicity." It is a very common word that most of us use every day. But the kind of simplicity that I am talking of, the most simple of all, can only be found when you participate in the most basic natural cycle of all. You either provide for yourself or you don't survive.

In respect of my search for this simplicity I ask you, when you see me trudging home tired and dirty after a day of hunting, please don't "hurl invectives." And if you do, prepare to duck because I'll end up slinging some angry phrases about "complicated simplicity" that neither one of us will understand very well.

Jay Modry

DIPPING IS FOR DIPS.
DON'T USE SNUFF OR CHEWING TOBACCO.



Satan provided Eve with thirteen reasons why she should eat from the Tree of Knowledge. Defenders of the continual sale of Cliff Notes at Middlebury — who ask that students guzzle from the cistern of Sloth — can manage only five, and these are distinctly less convincing than the Fiend's. I suppose it just goes to show that one can be of the Devil's Party without being of his caliber.

1. Of course I don't personally approve of Cliff Notes, but the College should not attempt to censor its students' reading.

Ah, yes — it's always heartening to see people standing up for a higher principle even when its practical effects offend their delicate sensibilities. There is, however, a hidden assumption behind this laudable commitment to the free marketplace of ideas which is palpably false. In likening the removal of Cliff Notes to censorship, one implies that there is some new and vital information in the things which is unavailable elsewhere — (information, it is darkly hinted, which professors fear because it is so simply, straightforwardly, and economically presented that it threatens to render them superfluous).

In point of fact, a student who reads a Cliff Note instead of the text assigned suffers a *diminishment* of knowledge. When one "boils down" some liquid into a paste, all that gets lost is the moisture, but in reducing a four-hundred page novel by Jane Austen into a thirty-page pamphlet by someone the intellectual equal of her Reverend Mr. Collins, more is surrendered to the circumambient air than mere vapor.

Anyone who sincerely believes that reading a few turgid paragraphs of plot summary can yield even the remotest facsimile of the finely-wrought insights concerning, say, the moral implications of marriage in an acquisitive society provided by the actual text of *Pride and Prejudice* would probably also consider "Battlestar Galactica" an adequate introduction to astrophysics.

And what about the "commentary" which accompanies the summaries? No better. It so happens that this body of thought (and much more besides) stands readily available elsewhere, and in a form much more likely to be of *practical* help to the student. The myriad works of literary criticism which crowd the bottom floor of Starr Library not only provide insights far more detailed, up-to-date, informed, and compelling than those found in Cliff Notes, but provide them through a format which, if attended to, will aid any student in securing a higher grade.

This is so because while the model for Cliff Notes is the high school book report, professors grade student papers according to how closely they conform in methodology, focus, and diction to the legitimate works of literary criticism it is our job both to read and produce. Modelling a paper after what one finds between the red or yellow covers is like bringing a plastic bat to the major leagues.

Thus in the matter of Cliff Notes, it is the very act of *reading* them which constitutes the act of censorship — perpetrated by the reader against his own best interests. They are anti-books, and enlighten best when set aflame.

2. But no one is talking about reading Cliff Notes INSTEAD of the assigned text! I read both, and the Notes help me understand the book much more thoroughly than I possibly could on my own.

Don't eat that, grandma, that's bullshit. Students who say this are either a) lying to someone else, or b) lying to themselves. As those of the former case have been sufficiently chastised in the section above, let me translate into English what those of the second really mean when they make this claim. What they are saying is that the Cliff Note has allowed them to get by with a hurried, harried, superficial, or merely partial reading of the actual book. Anyone who "reads" *Great Expectations* and then has to go to an outside source to learn that Magwitch is Estella's father or that Dickens thematically depicts Pip as a young man "haunted by" or "shackled to" his past has simply not read with his full attention — has not paid the author that minimum amount of respect which consists in attending conscientiously to what he has given his life's blood to write.

Cliff Notes therefore aid the "understanding" only of those who have done the assigned reading at a football game, in front of a TV, or under the influence of controlled substances. If anyone at Middlebury College truly requires these crutches to comprehend what *happens* in a play of Shakespeare's, then the Admissions Office has some explaining to do.

3. Humanities departments should alter their courses so that they cannot be passed by students who use Cliff Notes.

This attempt to make the tail wag the dog betrays precious little understanding of either the workings or purposes of survey courses in the humanities. There is no way to "rig" a course so that all students who rely on Cliff Notes will invariably fail, short of requiring daily trivia quizzes constituting 100% of the final grade. The sad fact is that a truly clever shyster can finesse his way to a "C" in any course whose requirements are the usual and necessary mix of papers, quizzes, and essay finals.

That is precisely why the damn things are so pernicious — they are *specifically designed* to allow work and engagement which merits an "E" to pass for merely mediocre. Using Cliff Notes is, plain and simple, a form of academic fraud, and we should therefore not allow such sharp practice to dictate the form of any course in the slightest particular.

Nor the content. Sure, I could revamp EL 207 and teach *Martin Chuzzlewit* instead of *Bleak House*, *Felix Holt* instead of *Middlemarch*, and *Two on a Tower* instead of *Tess of the d'Urbervilles*. But perhaps the primary purpose of an undergraduate institution is to communicate cultural literacy, and that means those works which are currently defined as the highest achievements of the authors we study.

There is much talk of late about "opening up the curriculum," but while a reasoned and principled change in pedagogical emphasis is one thing, all-out retreat before the avaricious publishers of cribs and trots is quite another.

4. But Cliff Notes MUST be legitimate aids to learning, since they are written by professors.

Hey, look. So some unfortunate soul at East Tennessee State Teachers College and Women's Prison loses big at the track or overextends himself in the futures market, and Messrs. Cliff and Monarch — ever lurking about such haunts — make him an offer he can't refuse. Does this mean that *we* have to purchase the filthy wares of a prostituted mind? At worst, the fact that PhD's pen Cliff Notes just proves that academia, like politics, has its quislings. Just consider: would the Committee on Reappointment accept a Cliff Note as a scholarly publication? Would they be more likely to offer its author tenure, or the back of their hands?

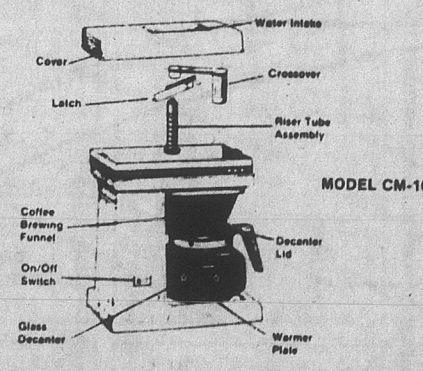
5. If we remove Cliff Notes from the College Bookstore, the students will only buy them somewhere else.

No doubt. And then just *think* what people will say about Middlebury College: "Why do you know that over there if students that subvert the educational process for which they and their families are paying through the nose, if they want to cheat themselves out of genuine encounters with the glories of Western Civilization, if they want to begin cultivating habits of sloth and deception, if they want to do all that — *they have to go off campus in order to accomplish it!*" Yes, how could we sleep at night?

A century and a half ago John Ruskin, always a shrewd observer of the inherent crassness of the marketplace, warned us that "all the short, and cheap, and easy ways of doing that whose difficulty is its honor" are "just so many obstacles in our already encumbered road," and will serve only to make us "shallower in our understandings, colder in our hearts, and feebler in our wits." Such obstacles to learning and growth — which are also temptations — are everywhere in our culture today, and at best the college will be able to resist them imperfectly. Surely, however, we can make our task easier by refusing to peddle such poisons to ourselves.

Cliff Notes aid the "understanding" only of those who have done the reading at a football game, in front of a TV, or under the influence of controlled substances

WANTED: DEAD OR ALIVE



. . . our coffeepot, which was lifted from our Hepburn Annex offices sometime this weekend. Coffee is as vital a contribution to this newspaper as ink, and we want it back. Besides, you don't want to keep it, for the following reasons:

- It has our name emblazoned on its computerized circuit boards.
- It has potentially carcinogenous phototypesetting chemicals tainting the carafe.
- If it breaks, the warranty will be voided.
- It has rancid oils built up in it which will enhance the sensory defects of your grind.
- You will have a guilty conscience which will build up to the point where you won't be able to sleep at night, and this condition will only be exacerbated by the coffee.
- It won't operate correctly unless operating in synchronization with a Bruce Springsteen tape.
- Finally, it doesn't even make good coffee! Why the hell would you have wanted to take it in the first place?

Bring it back in the dead of night and put it back where you found it — no questions asked. Please.

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Drawer 30, Middlebury College
Middlebury, VT 05753

Due to the Thanksgiving holiday, The Campus will not publish an issue next week. Our next issue will be published on Friday, December 4.

Have a good break

Central America

(continued from page 1)

directed at Flower of the National Security Council. When asked about human rights violations in Central America, he admitted that atrocities had been committed by the Contras as well as the Sandanistas and went on to say "that's regrettable."

The goals of the symposium seem to have been accomplished, particularly with regards to student participation. Ambassador Fernandez stated, "With the help of the U.S. and people like you, the plan will be successful... This is why we believe peace deserves a chance."

puzzle on page 9

E	N	D	S		N	A	B	O	B		T	A	R	A
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C	E	L	I	B	A	T	E		I	N	G	R	E	S
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T	E	E	S		G	R	E	E	R		R	A	T	S

CLASSIFIED

PERSONALS

Vote Schleif for King in '88 or I'll burn you F---ing house down.
— J. Gotti.

Hapy 20th Birthday Deb!! It's about time you entered the "adult" world . . .
— Love from a chive who acts her shoe size.

Madadam gargles gopher sperm.

Zeen: I don't want to be Queen!
The Replies:
"You can't always get what you want." — The Stones
"In place of old wants, find new wants." — Marx
"Too damn bad." — Zeen's Campaign Manager
ZEEN 4 QUEEN '88

Mikey, Paige, Allison
No work and too much wine — a deadly combination in Paris. Having fun but missing you terribly!
Love, Luce & Gabs.

Anyone interested in joining the 60 percent club, otherwise known as the DAIGLE-MARTHA CLUB please call x6565.

Hey roomie!
Want some ginger ale with your cookies?
Luv, Your Roomie.

FOLEY: They had mushrooms in 'Nam.

Gack couldn't play ping pong if his life depended on it.

P.S. "RED HAIR IS CAUSED BY SUGAR AND LUST." — Tom Robbins

Schleif, Slimer, and Kohl all seek the throne. Of this I have on thing to state
When one sits alone
Make it Pokey in '88

To the guy in the Hingham sweatshirt at KDR last Saturday: Thanks for sharing your rocket fuel with me.
— Your favorite blonde

GIMP FOR KING GIMP FOR KING GIMP FOR KING
gimp for god 90?

A long time ago in a galaxy far far away . . . a leetle bit drunk Jedi told DKE to shut up. I won't forget if you won't.

AMY, just say no to Blob.

CALEY — No "Ties" on Sunday? What a bummer. How's the essay going ?(Ha, ha, ha) When are we going to cross the Atlantic? Soon I hope! Have a great T-day. JKK

Eight tries before you find a date? That's pathetic, Ben.

Gimp is limp. Gimp for queen in '90.

ADOPTION — Loving, professional, white couple desire to adopt newborn. All medical and legal expenses paid. Confidential. Call collect (617) 747-5322.

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FOR RENT

LAKE DUNMORE: Furnished Apt. Two bedrooms, full bath. Fireplace/woodstove. 15 minutes to Middlebury and Brandon. By the weekend, week, or month. Call 802-259-2411.

NOTICES

"TWENTY FOUR HOURS," a six song E.P. by THE CHOICE, will be here by Thanksgiving break . . . . we hope.

FOR SALE

1984 PORSCHE 944 for sale. White, good condition. Call 864-7352 in Burlington.

1986 VW GOLF — Excellent condition and well maintained. 44,000 miles. Gets 40 mpg. Asking $5695. Call 453-4961 or call Health Center and leave message for Alison.

FEELING RAD? Cannondale Mountain Bike practically new. Index shifting. $400.00 or best offer. Contact Brian Williams ext. 7116 or Box 2034.

MY TWELVE INCHES OF PLEASURE CAN BE YOURS! My B & W television, that is. Call now for visual fulfillment. Nat — ex. 7550 or Box 3573.

For Sale — More couches, chairs, lamps, full size mattress. We do deliver. Call Irv Senecal afternoons or evenings, 388-2034.

For Sale — Spinet-Console Piano Bargain. Wanted: Responsible party to take over low monthly payments on spinet-console piano. Can be seen locally. Call Mr. White at 1-800-327-3345 Ext. 101.

HELP WANTED

TRAVEL REPRESENTATIVE wanted — Free travel plus pay. Call Elizabeth, (603) 298-8900.

TYPISTS — Hundreds weekly at home! Write: P.O. Box 17, Clark, NJ 07066

PART-TIME — HOME MAILING PROGRAM! Excellent income! Details, send self-addressed stamped envelope. WEST, Box 5877, Hillside, NJ 07205

The Salvage Yard is seeking part-time bartenders and waitresses. Apply in person Mon. — Fri. 9-9.

HOMEWORKERS WANTED! TOP PAY! C.I.
121 24th Ave., N.W. Suite 222
Norman, OK 73069

WANTED

Sell it to me! Your bass guitar, that is. I want one, but can't find one, so help me. Dave, ext. 7242, Box 3582.

Driver with valid licence wanted to drive automatic '86 Chevy Calvalier from Nags Head, N.C. Expenses paid, plus stipend. Call Mrs. Tomlinson at 462-3727.

LOST AND FOUND

LOST — Diamond engagement-type ring / white gold setting on Sunday — Monday, Nov. 8-9. Great sentimental value. If found, please call Marnie at ext. 6844. Reward.

RIDES

Ride needed to Bedford, Westchester County, N.Y. or vicinity for Thanksgiving Break. Will pay all expenses. Contact: Michael Reynal, Box 3484; Ext. 6353; Painter 202.

Help! Ride to greater Boston Area needed desperately for Thanksgiving break. Will pay expenses. Call Liz at x4019, please.

CLASSIFED INFORMATION:

Following are our blessedly few classified policies:

- Please, one ad per person per week.
- We reserve the right to print or not to print individual ads at our own whim. We plan to exercise the right if we receive volumes of classifieds that say the same thing and space is short.
- Deadline really is Monday at 5 p.m. Classifieds submitted later than Tuesday are subject to a nominal late fee of $1.
- Finally, ads are free to officers, faculty, employees, students, parents and alumni and anyone else connected to the college. All other ads cost $5 per issue (three-week special: $10 prepaid. Include SASE for tearsheets.

CLASSIFIED ADS

. . . To place your classified, fill out this form and drop it in Campus Mail, addressed to Drawer 30, by **Monday at 5 p.m.** Classified ads are free to members of the College community and are limited to 25 words. Others may purchase classified ads at the rate of $ per ad. ***Please print neatly!***

CATEGORY: ☐ **Personals** ☐ **For Sale** ☐ **Notices/Announcements** ☐ **Help Wanted** ☐ **Other** _____

NAME _____ BOX _____

The Middlebury Campus
Drawer 30, Middlebury College
Middlebury, Vt. 05753
("Campus — Drawer 30" suffices for items put through Campus mail)

Doonesbury BY GARRY TRUDEAU

DAMN!
11-16
GOT A STORY, PAL?
YEAH. I JUST SOLD OUT TO THE MOB. THE MOB GIVES ME MIGRAINES. END OF STORY.
MIGRAINES, EH? BOY, THEY CAN BE WICKED! I USED TO GET 'EM DURING MY FIRST MARRIAGE.
OVER-THE-COUNTER?
UNDER. JOIN ME?
GB Trudeau
I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE GOING THROUGH, PAL. MY INDUSTRY'S RIFE WITH HOODS! YOU CAN'T BELIEVE WHAT THEY DO TO HORSES!
11-17
HORSES? YOU IN RACING?
PET FOOD. THE BUSINESS IS OWNED OUTRIGHT BY THE KANSAS CITY MOB.
GEEZ! HOW COULD I TELL THAT TO A TOTAL STRANGER? HEY, YOU'RE NOT WIRED, ARE YOU?
TOTALLY. BUT THANKS.
COULD YOU CUT ME DOWN? I GOT A TRAIN.
GB Trudeau
SURE YOU'LL BE OKAY, PAL?
I'M FINE! I'M FINE!
T 2
11-18
WHOA... SURE YOU ARE! BETTER FIND SOMEPLACE TO DROP ANCHOR...
IKA
KFWUMP!!
HEY! FIND YOUR OWN BED, JACK!
DAMN HOMELESS. THEY ALWAYS TAKE THE GOOD SPOTS.
GB Trudeau
YOU'RE COPS AREN'T YOU? THAT'S WHY YOU'RE STARING AT ME! WELL, THREE CAN PLAY THAT GAME!
THERE HE IS...
11-19
WHAT THE...
EASY DOES IT, BROTHER.
WE'RE HERE TO HELP YOU.
PROPERTY
GRAND CEN
HELP ME? RIGHT! AND WHO ARE YOU?
NOT TO WORRY...
WE'RE SOCIAL WORKERS.
PROPERTY
SHOOT ME! FOR GOD'S SAKE, SOMEBODY SHOOT ME!
GIVE HIM A SANDWICH. I'LL CALL FOR THE VAN.
GB Trudeau
YES, THIS IS LORD ZONKER.
SIR! IT'S DEAN HONEY! THANK GOODNESS I FOUND YOU!
OXFORD
11-20
I JUST GOT A CALL FROM THE AUTHORITIES! DUKE WAS CAUGHT UP IN THE CITY'S SWEEP OF THE MENTALLY INCOMPETENT! HE'S BEEN COMMITTED TO BELLEVUE HOSPITAL!
OXF
UNCLE DUKE'S BEEN COMMITTED? REALLY?
YES, SIR!
FORD
THEN OUR LONG NATIONAL NIGHTMARE IS OVER.
YES, SIR. DO YOU WANT TO COME IN ON SOME FLOWERS WITH ME?
GB Trudeau
ORDERLY! ORDERLY!
HEY, HEY. WHAT'S ALL THE HUBBUB, BUB?
11-21
THIS IS ALL A FREAKISH MISTAKE! I GOTTA GET OUTA HERE!
I SEE.
LISTEN, FRIEND, THERE ARE HUNDREDS OF DERANGED FOLKS ON THE STREETS OF NEW YORK. BELLEVUE ONLY HAS 28 BEDS FOR THEM. YOU SHOULD BE GRATEFUL YOU WERE CHOSEN FOR ADMISSION!
BUT I'M NOT DERANGED!!
THEN YOU SHOULDN'T BE FAKING IT. WE NEED THE BED.
GB Trudeau